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# The Tea-Table Miscellany

VOLUME SECOND

# The Tea-Table Miscellany

## A COLLECTION

OF

46927
a1

## Choice Songs

*SCOTS & ENGLISH*

By ALLAN RAMSAY

Reprinted from the Fourteenth Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME SECOND

LL C.26

Glasgow

JOHN CRUM, ST. VINCENT STREET

1871

00046927

*Printed by* R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

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*Beginning with the firſt line of every* SONG.

The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c., are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old ſongs; Q, old ſongs with additions.


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A

# COLLECTION

OF

# CHOICE SONGS

*When we behold her angel face,*
*Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,*
*In what we hear and what we ſee,*
*How raviſhing's the harmony!*
*No charms like Celia's voice ſurpriſe,*
*Except the muſic of her eyes.* LANSDOWN.

## VOLUME III.

### SONG I.

A NYMPH of the plain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
Was addreſs'd to be kind:
But relentleſs I find
To his prayers ſhe appear'd,
Tho' himſelf he endear'd,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,

I cannot expreſs;
But he lov'd to exceſs,
And ſwore he would die,
If ſhe would not comply,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

While bluſhes like roſes,
Which nature compoſes,
Which nature compoſes,
Vermilion'd her face,
With an ardor and grace,
Which her lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
Which their ſouls did employ,
Which their ſouls did employ,
From her ruby warm lips,
Thouſand odours he ſips,
At the ſight of her eyes,
He faints and he dies,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

But how they ſhall part,
Now becomes all the ſmart,
Now becomes all the ſmart,
Till he vow'd to his fair,
That to eaſe his own care,
He would meet her again,
And till then be in pain,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

## SONG II.

SEND home my long ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd ſuch ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both,
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me home my heart and eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lies,
And laugh one day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now.

## SONG III.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I ſue,
Gentle Cupid, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me do:
Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and paſſion
Still in every breaſt will move,
More is ſupererogation,
Mere idolatry of love:
You may dreſs a world of Chloes
In the beauties ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.

Fooliſh mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry Cupid made reply,
Do Florella's charms diſpleaſe you?
Die then, fooliſh mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating ſtore;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thouſand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a lover's care;
Juſtly then you'd pray that power
Shou'd be taken from the fair:
But tho' I ſpread a blemiſh o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find;
Still fond ſhepherd, you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

## SONG IV.

TEN years, like Troy, my ſtubborn heart,
Withſtood th' aſſault of fond deſire:
But now, alas! I feel a ſmart,
Poor I, like Troy, am ſet on fire.

With care we may a pile ſecure,
And from all common ſparks defend:

But oh! who can a houſe ſecure,
When the celeſtial flames deſcend?

Thus was I ſafe, till from your eyes
Deſtructive fires are brightly given;
Ah! who can ſhun the warm ſurpriſe,
When lo! the lightning comes from heaven.

## SONG V.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe frowns I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival lover,
If a wand'ring look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my paſſion,
Or the torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my inclination:
Awful diſtance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to her ſlave;
She is too divine a creature
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat;
Never mounts to raging paſſion,
Love's a torment if too great.
When the ſtorm is once blown over,
Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful lover
Seldom meets with true repoſe.

## SONG VI.

MY days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream:
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a ſigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught:
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breaſt
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſs'd
The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign,
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

## Song VII.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides gently thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear),
And drops at once into her neſt:
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell, the ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go:

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard;
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

## SONG VIII.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damaſk roſe,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,
Refreſhing, as deſcending rains
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun,
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid purſues,
Sweet Philomel, in ſhady bowers
Of verdant ſpring, her note renews;
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my ſoul's deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous face,
And vary as the ſeaſons riſe;
As winter to the ſpring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the ſeaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual ſpring.

Devouring time, with ſtealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers and walls of braſs
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the ſoul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bleſs'd above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a laſting reſt from pain.

Love and his ſiſter fair the ſoul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:
Love will the univerſe controul,
When dying ſeaſons loſe their name;
Divine abodes ſhall own his power,
When time and death ſhall be no more.

## SONG IX.

FAIR Iris and her ſwain
Were in a ſhady bower,
Where Thirſis long in vain
Had fought the happy hour.
At length, his hand advancing
Upon her ſnowy breaſt,
He ſaid, O! kiſs me longer,
Longer yet, and longer,
If you would make me bleſt.

IRIS.

An eaſy yielding maid
By truſting is undone,
Our ſex is oft betray'd
By granting love too ſoon;
If you deſire to gain me,
Your ſufferings to redreſs,
Prepare to love me longer,
Longer yet, and longer,
Before you ſhall poſſeſs.

THIRSIS.

The little care you ſhow,
Of all my ſorrows paſt,
Makes death appear too ſlow,
And life too long to laſt;
Oh, Iris! kiſs me kindly,
In pity of my fate,
Fair Iris, kiſs me kindly,
Kindly ſtill, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliſs,
And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiſs,
But 'tis for men to take:
So may you kiſs me kindly,
And I will not rebel,
Thirſis may kiſs me kindly,
Kindly ſtill, and kindly;
But never kiſs and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiſs you kindly?
*Yes, you may kiſs me kindly.*
And kindly ſtill, and kindly?
*And kindly ſtill, and kindly.*

And will you not rebel?
*And I will not rebel.*
Then, love, I'll kiſs thee kindly,
Kindly ſtill, and kindly,
But never kiſs and tell.

## SONG X.

AH! bright Belinda, hither fly,
And ſuch a light diſcover,
As may the abſent ſun ſupply,
And chear a drooping lover.

Ariſe, my day, with ſpeed ariſe,
And all my ſorrows baniſh:
Before the ſun of thy bright eyes
All gloomy terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded treaſure:
Why ſhould you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleaſure?

The petty pow'rs of hell deſtroy;
To ſave's the pride of heav'n:
To you the firſt, if you prove coy;
If kind, the laſt is giv'n.

The choice then ſure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil:
Which title had you rather take,
*My goddeſs*, or, *my devil?*

## SONG XI.

FIE! Liza, ſcorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties uſe,
Who think they ne'er ſecure our hearts,
Unleſs they ſtill refuſe;
Are coy and ſhy; will ſeem to frown,
To raiſe our paſſion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls deſire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
Or ſtop you know not why;
Your bluſhes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die!
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be croſt:
Ah! Liza, when the joys are known,
You'll curſe the minutes paſt.

## SONG XII.

BE wary, my Celia, when Celadon ſues,
Theſe *wits* are the bane of your charms:
Beauty, play'd againſt reaſon, will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon deſpis'd for his plainneſs of parts,
Has worth that a woman would prize;
He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily ſtarts,
And *diſtance* the ſhort-winded *wife*.

Your *fool* is a ſaint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray;
Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haſte to remove,
'Tis a ſtage he but takes in his way.

## SONG XIII.

STELLA and Flavia, every hour,
Do various hearts ſurpriſe;
In Stella's ſoul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundleſs Flavia's conqueſts are,
And Stella's more confin'd:
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt, fair Flavia, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore:
Thy charms will every day decreaſe,
Each day gives Stella more.

## SONG XIV.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:

But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dreſt in all my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named:
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A ſlave, and row a galley:
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But ay not in our alley.

## SONG XV.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years?
You muſt tickle her fancy with ſweet and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly, ſweetly,
Sing a love-ſonnet, and charm her ears;
Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Chaſe her, and praiſe her if fair or brown;
Sooth her and ſmooth her,
And teaſe her and pleaſe her,
And touch but her ſmicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
With the front of aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each moment, and briſkly, briſkly
Put her in mind, how her time ſteals on;
Rattle and prattle altho' ſhe frown,
Rouſe her and touſe her from morn till noon,
And ſhew her ſome hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
You muſt rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleaſure's beſt charm is variety;

Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiſs with a guinea, and all's your own.

## SONG XVI.

SHE.

OH love! if a god thou wilt be,
Do juſtice in favour of me;
For yonder approaching I ſee,
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With ſighing and toying,
And crying and lying,
And ſuch kind of foolery.

HE.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleaſure to meet you here:
Pray tremble not ſo,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear.

SHE.

My mother is ſpinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we ware a-milking come;
Their dinner they want;
Then pray ye, Sir, dont

Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront;
We're none of the town
Will lie down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

HE.

By Phœbus and Jove,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear ſweet, no harm;
Ye're as freſh as a roſe,
I want one of thoſe;
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm,
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm!

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honeſt, and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool?
For I muſt be plain,
All tricks are in vain;
There's nothing can gain
What you wou'd obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My leſſon learn'd at ſchool.

HE.

I'll do't by this hand,
I've houſes and land,
Eſtate too in good freehold;
My dear, let us join,
That all ſhall be thine,
Beſides a good purſe of gold,
Beſides a good purſe of gold.

SHE.

You make me to bluſh, now, I vow,
Ah me! ſhall I baulk my cow?

But ſince the late oath you have ſwore,
Your ſoul ſhall not be
In danger for me;
I'll rather agree
Of two to make three;
We'll wed, and we'll bed,
There's no more to be ſaid,
And I'll ne'er go a-milking more.

## SONG XVII.

MAIDEN, freſh as a roſe,
Young, buxom, full of jollity,
Take no ſpouſe among beaux,
Fond of their raking quality;
He who wears a long buſh,
All powder'd down from his pericrane,
And with noſe full of ſnuſh,
Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
Does prattle like any parrot too;
Yet with doxies a brace
At night pigs in a garret too;
Patrimony out-run,
To make a fine ſhow to carry thee:
Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,
If ſuch a creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a bribe,
Of flattering noiſe and vanity,
Yoke a lad of our tribe,
He'll ſhew the beſt humanity:
Flaſhy thou wilt find love,
In civil as well as ſecular;
But when the ſpirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveneſs is pride,
That boobys the more may venerate,
He that gets a good bride,
Can jump when he's to generate;
Off then goes the diſguiſe,
To bed in his arms he'll carry thee;
Then to be happy and wiſe,
Take yea and nay to marry thee.

## SONG XVIII.

LAST Sunday at St. James's pray'rs,
The prince and princeſs by;
I, dreſs'd all in my whalebone airs,
Sat in a cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the anſwers o'er;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierced me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt care;
Which gay young Strepon made me loſe,
And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace;
But whiſper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won:
But I grew peeviſh at the word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of ſight, while I
A kinder anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my ſins that day,
By half ſo much repent.

## SONG XIX.

LOVE, thou art the beſt of human joys,
Our chiefeſt happineſs below;
All other pleaſures are but toys,
Muſic without thee is but noiſe,
Beauty but an empty ſhow.

Heaven that knew beſt what men cou'd move,
And raiſe his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his ſoul improve,
Howe'er philoſophers diſpute.

## SONG XX.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was;
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd);
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:

She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could dote on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her ſond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the muſes my temples have crown'd,
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

## SONG XXI.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's that troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear!
Shou'd you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can you ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye theſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

## SONG XXII.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
In chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan:
To doleful ſhades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love,
Where poor forſaken nymphs are ſeen,
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such ſoft perſuaſive language hung,
That when his words had ſilence broke,
You wou'd have thought an angel ſpoke.
Too happy nymph, whoe'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my coſt,
She's found the heart that I have loſt.

Beneath the faireſt flower on earth,
A ſnake may hide, or take its birth;
So his falſe breaſt, conceal it did
His heart, the ſnake that there lay hid.
'Tis falſe to ſay, we happy are,
Since men delight thus to enſnare;
In man no woman can be bleſs'd,
Their vows are wind, their love a jeſt.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my ſpring of joy:
But whilſt I'm begging of this bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer thus,
*When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,*
*Who ſees him, loves; who loves him, dies.*

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
But is a witneſs of my love:
Now all the bleaters on the plain
Seem ſympathiſers in my pain;
Echoes repeat my plaintive moans;
The waters imitate my groans;
The trees their bending boughs recline,
And droop their heads as I do mine.

## SONG XXIII.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heav'n her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,

Singing, thus ſhe made her moan,
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover,
Such a youth and ſuch a lover:
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kiſſes,
Murm'ring bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both ly dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death, come end me,
Love and Damon are no more.

## SONG XXIV.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains,
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow);
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs wo.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame;

The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd; but could not ſpeak.

Clarinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his wo:
She aſk'd; but with an air and mien,
As made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## SONG XXV.

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
Prithee, why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

## SONG XXVI.

MY friend and I,
We drank whole piſs-pots
Full of ſack up to the brim:
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the whim:
Three bottles and a quart
We ſwallow'd down our throat,
(But hang ſuch puny ſips as theſe;)
We laid us all along,
With our mouths unto the bung,
And tipt whole hogſheads off with eaſe.

I heard of a ſop,
That drank whole tankards,
Styl'd himſelf the prince of ſots:
But I ſay now, Hang
Such ſilly drunkards,
Melt their flaggons, break their pots.
My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a ſup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage ſkip:
Then we imbark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a Spaniſh ſhip
Deep laden with wine,
Which was ſuperfine,
The ſailors ſwore five hundred tun;
We drank it all at ſea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant ſwore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
Quench'd his thirſt,
Said, let's to the vineyards haſte:
Straight then we ſail'd
To the Canaries,
Which afforded juſt a taſte;
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye ſots, or you die,
And ſwore he never found,
In his univerſal round,
Such thirſty ſouls as my friend and I.

Out fie! cries one,
*What a beaſt he makes him!*
*He can neither ſtand nor go:*
Out you beaſt, you,
You're much miſtaken,
Whene'er knew you a beaſt drink ſo?
'Tis when we drink the leaſt,
That we drink moſt like a beaſt;
But when we carouſe it ſix in hand,
'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the moſt like men,
When we drink till we can neither go nor ſtand.

## SONG XXVII.

LET ſoldiers fight for prey or praiſe,
And money be the miſer's wiſh,
Poor ſcholars ſtudy all their days,
And gluttons glory in their diſh:
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives ſad ſouls;*
*Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.*

Let minions marſhal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear:
Pure wine is native red and white:
*'Tis wine*, &c.

The backward ſpirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to ſave,
And kindneſs flows from cups brim-full:
*'Tis wine*, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and ſome a punk,

Some men want wit, and others wealth,
But they want nothing that are drunk:
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives ſad ſouls;*
*Therefore give us the chearing bowls.*

## SONG XXVIII.

FAREWELL, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty Maggy,
And a' the roſy laſſes milking on the down:
Adieu the flowery meadows, aft ſae dear to Jocky,
The ſports and merry glee of Edinborrow town;
Since French and Spaniſh lowns ſtand at bay,
And valiant lads of Britain hold 'em play,
My reap-hook I maun caſt quite away,
And fight too like a man,
Among 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

Each carle of Iriſh mettle battles like a dragon:
The Germans waddle, and ſtraddle to the drum;
The Italians, and the butter bowzy Hogan Mogan:
Good-faith then, Scottiſh Jocky mauna lie at hame:
For ſince they are ganging to hunt renown,
And ſwear they'll quickly ding auld Monſieur down,
I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
To ſhew that Scotland can
Excel 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

Then welcome from Vigo,
And cudgelling Don Diego,
With ſtrutting raſcallions,
And plundering the galleons:
Each briſk valiant fellow
Fought at Rondondellow,
And thoſe who did meet
With the Newfoundland fleet;

When for late ſucceſſes,
Which Europe confeſſes,
At land by our gallant commanders;
The Dutch in ſtrong beer,
Shou'd be drunk for a year,
With their general's health in Flanders.

## SONG XXIX.

THE ordnance aboard,
Such joys does afford,
As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
No mortal e'er more can deſire:
Each member repairs
From the tower to the ſtairs,
And by water *whuſh*, and by water *whuſh*,
By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's aſhore,
They ſearch from the bore;
And to proving, to proving, to proving,
To proving they go in fair weather:
Their glaſſes are large,
And whene'er they diſcharge,
There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,
Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old Vulcan for Mars,
Fitted tools for his wars,
To enable him, enable him, enable him,
Enable him to conquer the faſter:
But Mars, had he been
Upon our Woolwich green,
To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
He'd have own'd great Marlborough his maſter.

## Song XXX.

LEAVE off your fooliſh pratting,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your glaſs,
Round let it paſs,
The bottle ſtands before ye,
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Love and friendſhip ſtill go round.

If claret be a bleſſing,
This night devote to pleaſure;
Let worldly cares,
And ſtate affairs,
Be thought on at more leiſure;
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Love and friendſhip ſtill go round.

If any is ſo zealous,
To be a party-minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one opinion:
Fill your glaſs, name your laſs,
See her health go ſweetly round,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

## SONG XXXI.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glaſs then around with the ſun, boys;
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk every night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Chriſtian diverſion,
Unknown to Turk and the Perſian:
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heatheniſh rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave Britons ſing,
And drink healths to their *king*,
And a fig for their *ſultan* and *ſophy*.

## SONG XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour purſue my delight;
While the fool is deſigning,
His fatal confining,
With Bacchus I'll ſpend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
Without madneſs and folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For ſo fooliſh an end!
When I do, may I never drink more.

## SONG XXXIII.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly ſwiftly on;
Let not Damon ſtill purſue you,
Still in vain, till love is gone:
See how fair the blooming roſe is,
See by all how juſtly priz'd;
But when it its beauty loſes,
See the wither'd thing deſpiſed.

When thoſe charms that youth have lent you,
Like the roſes are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!
Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!

## SONG XXXIV.

I'LL range around the ſhady bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt flowers;
I'll ſtrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the ſultry heat of day,
My thirſty nymph does panting ly,
I'll haſten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the ſtream that ſhe may drink.

At night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a ſhade,
That nothing may her reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in ſleep ſhe lies,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe thoſe eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as ſoon as chearful day
Diſpels the gloomy ſhades away,
Forth to the foreſt I'll repair,
And find proviſion for my fair.

Thus will I ſpend the day and night,
Still mixing pleaſure with delight:
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can eaſe for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of woman more.

## SONG XXXV.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heav'n it would be!
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an angel to me.

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;

That arm, like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

## SONG XXXVI.

FROM roſy bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly;
Teach me, in ſoft melodious ſong, to move,
With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the ſoul of muſic tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my ſoul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is, to be briſk and airy,
With a ſtep and a bound,
And a friſk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy:
As once on Ida dancing,
Were three celeſtial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a ſhape and a grace,
Let me charm like beauty's goddeſs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and deſpair muſt end the fatal pain;
Cold deſpair, diſguis'd like ſnow and rain,

Falls on my breaſt; black winds in tempeſts blow:
My veins all ſhiver, and my fingers glow;
My pulſe beats a dead march for loſt repoſe,
And to a ſolid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or ſay, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, or drown
Amongſt the foaming billows,
Increaſing all with tears I ſhed;
On beds of ooze and cryſtal pillows
Lay down my love-ſick head?

No, no, I'll ſtraight run mad,
That ſoon my heart will warm;
When once the ſenſe is fled,
Love has no power to charm:
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
My robes and locks ſhall thus be tore;
A thouſand thouſand deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain! ere thus in vain adore.

## SONG XXXVII.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing lovers come,
Where the ſhrill trumpets never ſound.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain,
And never think of war again;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a ſlave?

## SONG XXXVIII.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come,
Where wives' loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a huſband have,
To rule the houſe where he's a ſlave?

## SONG XXXIX.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but aſk a favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

## SONG XL.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates e'er night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

## SONG XLI.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
*And ſomething elſe, but what I dare not name.*

But, as they were a-playing,
She ogled ſo the ſwain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our pain, *&c.*

A thouſand times he kiſs'd her
Upon the flow'ry green:
But as he further preſs'd her,
A pretty leg was ſeen, *&c.*

So many beauties viewing,
His ardor ſtill increas'd;
And, greater joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er her breaſt, *&c.*

A laſt effort ſhe trying,
His paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying),
Pray take away your hand, *&c.*

Young Corydon grown bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve;
This is the time, he told her,
To ſhow how much I love, *&c.*

The nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
Diſſolv'd in am'rous heat,
She kiſs'd, and told him ſighing,
My dear, your love is great, *&c.*

But Phillis did recover
Much ſooner than the ſwain;
She bluſhing, aſked her lover,
Shall we not kiſs again? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a ſtand,
From talk they fell to ſleeping,
Holding each other's hand, &c.

## SONG XLII.

SEE, ſee, my Seraphina comes,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Look, Gods, from your celeſtial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then ſearch, and ſee, if you can find,
In all your ſacred groves,
A nymph or goddeſs ſo divine,
As ſhe whom Strephon loves.

## SONG XLIII.

SHE.

PRAY now, John, let Jug prevail,
Doff thy ſword, and take a flail;
Wounds and blows and ſcorching heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE.

Zounds! you are mad, ye ſimple jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I ſhall do,
With Hob and Sue,
And all our brats when wanting you?

HE.

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain ſhalt ſhare.

SHE.

My ſhare will be but ſmall, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea-flints the Germans ſtrip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your ſpinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheeſe, you,
Your pigs and your geeſe too.

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, Joan.

SHE.

Do, do, I am good at thumping too.

HE.

Morbleu! that huff ſhall never do.

SHE.

Come, come, John, let's buſs and be friends,
Thus ſtill, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue ſometimes let run,
But, alas! I ſoon have done.

HE.

'Tis well you are quaſh'd,
You'd elſe been thraſh'd,
Sure as my name is John.

SHE.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all ſo hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we ſhall then grow great.

SHE.

Grow great!
And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unleſs the pamper'd French you beat:
Ah John! take care, John!
And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate ſtill,
At this rate ſtill,
And, like vermin,
Grudge my preferment?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still muſt rattle;
I'll be gone, and ſtraight aboard.

SHE.

Do, do, and ſo ſhall Hob and Sue,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

## SONG XLIV.

HE.

SINCE times are ſo bad, I muſt tell thee, ſweet heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do;
Since ſome have from ditches,
And coarſe leather breeches,
Been rais'd to be rulers,
And wallow'd in riches,
Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel,
For if the gypſies don't lie,
I ſhall be a governor too ere I die.

SHE.

Ah, Colin! by all thy late doings I find,
With ſorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind;
Our ſheep now at random diſorderly run,
And now Sunday's jacket goes every day on;
Ah! What doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt thou mean?

HE.

To make my ſhoes clean,
And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
Where, ſhewing my parts, I preferment ſhall win.

SHE.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to ſpin;
For, as to the court, when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unleſs thou canſt buy;
For money, the devil and all's to be found,
But no good parts minded without the good pound.

HE.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.

SHE.

And ſo loſe a limb by a ſhot or a blow,
And curſe thyſelf after for leaving the plow.

HE.

Suppoſe I turn gameſter?

SHE.

So chat and be bang'd.

HE.

What think'ſt thou of the road then?

SHE.

The high way to be hang'd.

HE.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life;
I'll help ſome fine lord to another's fine wife.

SHE.

That's dangerous too amongſt the town-crew:
For ſome of them will do the ſame thing by you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;
Faith, Colin, 'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.

HE.

Will nothing prefer me? what think'ſt of the law?

SHE.

Oh! while you live, Colin, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way:
There's no one minds now what theſe black cattle ſay;
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

BOTH.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can ſhow.

SHE.

So I'll to my diſtaff.

HE.

And I'll to my plough.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

## SONG XLV.

HE.

WHERE oxen do low,
And applē-trees grow;
Where corn is ſown,
And graſs is mown;
Fate, give me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
And udders are ſtrok'd;
Where duck and drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And ſwine ſuckle pigs;
Oh! there would I paſs my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed:

SHE.

And wear on our backs
The wool of our flocks;
And though linen feel
Rough, ſpun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarſe it comes.

HE.

Town follys and cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

SHE.

And beaux, that in boxes
Ly ſmuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

HE.

Goodb'ye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St. James's ſquare,
And flaunters there,
The gaming-houſe too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

SHE.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled laſt night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his ſpouſe,
And then in great haſte,
To pay what he'as loſt,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

HE.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er ſets his hand
To bill or to bond:

SHE.

Nor barters his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouſe him of half his days.

HE.

But fiſhing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His paſtime is ever and ever.

SHE.

Whoſe lips, when ye buſs 'em,
Smell like the bean-bloſſom;
Oh! he 'tis ſhall have my praiſe.

HE.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and ſloes,
A long adieu!
And farewell too
The houſe of the great,
Whoſe cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirſt.

SHE.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with duſt.

HE.

Farewell the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That ſhou'd be run down:

SHE.

With city jackdaws,
That make ſtaple laws,
To meaſure by yards and ells.

HE.

Stockjobbers and ſwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever:
We know what you're doing;
And home we are going;
And ſo you may ring your bells.

## SONG XLVI.

HE.

OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the ſot and married;
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't;
Thoſe that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

HE.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
For as ſoon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone?

HE.

From your arms myſelf divorcing,
I this morn muſt ride a-courſing,
A ſport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been ſince Adam.

SHE.

I, when thus I've loſt my due,
Muſt hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilſt you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmleſs tea.

HE.

Pox, what care I! drink your ſlops till you die;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

SHE.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my dear, pray come.

HE.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my ſpouſe and kindred;
To be ſober I've no leiſure,
What's a man without his pleaſure?

SHE.

To my grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be;
Whilſt you carouſe it with your blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my maids.

HE.

'Zounds! you may go to your goſſips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a man like you.

## SONG XLVII.

PRETTY parrot, ſay, when I was away,
And in dull abſence paſs'd the day,
What at home was doing?
*With chat and play,*
*We were gay,*
*Night and day,*
*Good chear and mirth renewing;*
*Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.*

Was no fop ſo rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a ſaucy lover wou'd
Court and teaſe my lady?
*A thing you know,*
*Made for ſhow,*
*Call'd a beau,*
*Near her was always ready,*
*Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.*

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,
And how ſhe cou'd with patience bear
All he did and utter'd?
*He ſtill addreſs'd,*
*Still careſs'd,*
*Kiſs'd and preſs'd,*
*Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd:*
*Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.*

Did he go away, at the cloſe of day,
Or did he ever uſe to ſtay,
In a corner dodging?
*The want of light,*
*When 'twas night,*
*Spoil'd my ſight;*
*But I believe his lodging*
*Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.*

## SONG XLVIII.

*Sung by* PINKANELLO, *Merry Andrew to* LEVERIGO, *the Mountebank Doctor.*

HERE are people and ſports,
Of all ſizes and ſorts,
Coach'd *damſel* and *ſquire,*
And *mob* in the mire,

*Tarpaulins*, *trugmallions*,
Lords, ladies, ſows babies,
And *loobies* in ſcores;
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With legions of furbelow'd *whores*;
To the tavern ſome go,
And ſome to a ſhow,
See poppets for moppets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,
Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
Boats flying, *quacks* lying,
Pick-pockets, pick-plackets,
Beaſts, *butchers* and *beaux*,
*Fops* prattling, dice rattling,
*Rooks* ſhaming, *putts* damning,
*Whores* painted, *maſks* tainted,
In tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths.
The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
To yon muſic-houſe go,
See *tailors* and *ſailors*,
Whores oily and doily,
Here muſic makes you ſick;
Some ſkipping, ſome tripping,
Some ſmoking, ſome joking,
Like ſpiggit and tap;
Short meaſure, ſtrange pleaſure,
Thus billing and ſwilling,
Some yearly get fairly
For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

## The SECOND PART.

SEE, Sirs, ſee here! a *doctor* rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come;

The cramp, the ſtitch, the ſquirt, the itch,
The gout, the ſtone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton ſcrubs,
And all Pandora's box:
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch cures effected,
As none e'er can tell:
Let the palſy ſhake ye,
Let the colic rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well:
*Thouſands*, &c.

Come, *wits* ſo keen, devour'd with ſpleen,
And beaux who've ſprain'd your backs,
Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks;
I ſoon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead;
I clear the laſs with wainſcot-face,
And from pim-ginets free
Plump ladies red like Saracen's head
With toping ratafie.
This, with a jirk, will do your work,
And ſcour you o'er and o'er;
Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

## SONG XLIX.

OH! the charming month of May,
When the breezes
Fan the trees, is
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay:
*Oh! the charming month of May,*
*Charming, charming month of May.*

Oh! what joys our proſpects yield,
When in new livery
We ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field:
*Oh! what joys*, &c. *Charming joys*, &c.

Oh! how freſh the morning-air,
When the *zephyrs*
And the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare:
*Oh! how freſh*, &c. *Charming freſh*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows,
By the trillows
Of a gentle purling ſtream.
*Oh! how ſweet*, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! how kind the country laſs,
Who, her cow bilking,
Leaves her milking
For a green-gown on the graſs:
*Oh! how kind*, &c. *Charming kind*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy
At the concluſion,
Her deep confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye:
*Oh! how ſweet*, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the ſkimming-diſh carves her name.
*Oh! the charming curds and cream,*
*Charming, charming,* &c.

## SONG L.

CUPID, god of pleaſing anguiſh,
Teach th' enamour'd ſwain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce deſires to know.
Heroes would be loſt in ſtory,
Did not love inſpire their glory,
Love does all that's great below.

## SONG LI.

MY Chloe, why do ye flight me,
Since all you aſk you have?
No more with frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a ſlave:
Good nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful lover,
I'll be no more a rover,
But conſtant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
My grief would all be flown;
Were I the kind phyſician,
And you the patient grown:

All own you're wondrous pretty,
Well-ſhap'd, and alſo witty,
Enforc'd with generous pity,
Then make my caſe your own.

The ſilver ſwan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious lays,
Like him, when life is flying,
In ſongs I'll end my days:
But know, thou cruel creature,
My ſoul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth thy praiſe.

## SONG LII.

IN this grove my Strephon walk'd,
Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd;
*Here he lov'd*, &c.
In this place his loſs I prove,
A ſad remembrance of our love,
Oh! ſad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my Strephon ſtray'd,
Here he ſmil'd, and there betray'd;
*Here he ſmil'd*, &c.
Every whisp'ring breeze can tell,
How I, poor I, believing, fell;
Ah! by too ſoon believing, fell.

By this ſtream my Strephon mov'd,
Here he ſung, and there he lov'd;
*Here he ſung*, &c.
Every ſtream and every tree,
Cries out, Perfidious, cruel he,
And helpleſs, poor forſaken ſhe.

On this bank my Strephon lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithleſs friend;
*A lovely foe*, &c.
Ye verdant banks, each ſtream and grove,
Once joyous ſcenes, now diſmal prove,
Since Strephon's falſe to me and love.

## SONG LIII.

TRANSPORTED with pleaſure,
I gaze on my treaſure,
And raviſh my ſight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How bleſs'd is a lover,
Whoſe torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with conſenting,
Her ſcorn and diſdain.

## SONG LIV.

A QUIRE of bright beauties
In ſpring did appear,
To chuſe a May-lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the ſhepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And Phillis was queen.

But Phillis refuſed it,
And ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland,
While Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx
Are fled from the ſhore,
The graces are baniſh'd,
And love is no more:
The ſoft god of pleaſure
That warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguiſh'd his fires;
And vows that himſelf
And his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx
In triumph return.

Forbear your addreſſes,
And court us no more;
For we will perform
What the deity ſwore:
But if you dare think
Of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheep-hooks,
And take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles
Your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan and fair Syrinx
In triumph return.

## SONG LV.

AS charming Clara walk'd alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove deſcending from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:

The ſhining flakes flew to her breaſts,
As little birds into their neſts;
But being outdone with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolved into a tear;
Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

## SONG LVI.

YE beaux of pleaſure,
Whoſe wit at leiſure,
Can count love's treaſure,
Its joy and ſmart;
At my deſire,
With me retire,
To know what fire
Conſumes my heart.

Three moons that haſted,
Are hardly waſted,
Since I was blaſted
With beauty's ray:
*Aurora* ſhews ye
No face ſo roſie,
No July poſie
So freſh and gay.

Her ſkin by nature,
No *ermin* better,
Though that fine creature
Is white as ſnow;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing traces
As black as ſloe.

She's tall and ſlender,
She's ſoft and tender;
Some god commend her;
My wit's too low:
'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder
From top to toe.

Then ceaſe, ye ſages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages
Our minds are free:
Though great your ſkill is,
So ſtrong the will is,
My love for Phillis
Muſt ever be.

## SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
A-muſing in a grove,
A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to ſeek her love;
But finding not her ſwain,
She ſat her down to grieve,
And thus ſhe did complain,
How men her ſex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
Of falſe deluding men,
Whoſe pride is to enſnare
Each female that they can:

My perjur'd ſwain he ſwore
A thouſand oaths to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my ſake,
Ne'er truſt falſe man again;
The pleaſure we partake,
Ne'er anſwers half the pain;
Uncertain as the ſeas,
Is their unconſtant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
Still changing like the wind.

When ſhe had told her tale,
Compaſſion ſeized my heart,
And Cupid did prevail
With me to take her part:
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind addreſs,
And vow'd to bear a ſhare
In her unhappineſs.

Surpris'd at firſt ſhe roſe,
And ſtrove from me to fly:
I told her I'd diſcloſe
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a ſmiling look,
Said ſhe to aſſwage the ſtorm,
I doubt you've undertook
A taſk you can't perform.

Since proof convinces beſt,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jeſt,
To what revenge can do:
Then ſerve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er deſign'd
For ſuch a faithleſs ſwain.

I courted her with care,
Till her ſoft ſoul gave way,
And from her breaſt ſo fair,
Stole the ſweet heart away:
Then ſhe with ſmiles confeſs'd,
Her mind felt no more pain,
While ſhe was thus careſs'd,
By ſuch a lovely ſwain.

## SONG LVIII.

DO not aſk me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
And of roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of theſe flow'rs that crown the ſpring;
'Tis to —— but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worſt but her denying,
Why ſhou'd I thus fearful be?
Every minute, gently flying,
Smiles and ſays, Make uſe of me.

What the ſun does to the roſes,
While the beams play ſweetly in,
I would —— but my fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
Aſk my eyes, or aſk your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
Might I ſpeak what I would do,
I wou'd —— with my lovely Phillis,
I wou'd; I wou'd —— Ah! wou'd you.

## SONG LIX.

PHILLIS, the faireſt of love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
What has ſhe now to brag on?
*What has ſhe*, &c.
So long ſhe kept her limbs ſo cloſe,
Till they had ſcarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid
Did ſad complaints begin,
Which ſurly Strephon hearing, ſaid,
It was both ſhame and ſin,
It was both ſhame and ſin,
*It was both*, &c.
To pity ſuch a lazy jade,
Wou'd neither kiſs nor ſpin.

## SONG LX.

WHEN Chloe we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her eyes do our heart ſo enthral;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for herſelf;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll piſh! and they'll fie!
And ſwear, if you're rude, they will call;
But whiſper ſo low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er ſhall;
But leſs than a year,
Will make it appear,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of ſtate,
And party-debate,
For church and for juſtice we bawl;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

## SONG LXI.

### The Parſon among the Peaſe.

ONE long Whitſun holiday,
Holiday, holiday, it was a jolly day,
Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
Phillida, a welladay!
Met in the peaſe;
They long had community;
He lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him,
Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
Scanting was wanting,
Their boſoms to eaſe.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
You will ſee; for as they lie,
In cloſe hug, Sir Domine
Gemini Gomini
Chanc'd to come by,
He read prayers i' the family,
No way now to frame a lie,
They ſcar'd at old Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.

Home, ſoon as he ſaw the ſight,
Full of ſpite, as a kite runs the recubite,
Like a noiſy hypocrite,
Hypocrite, hypocrite,
Miſchief to ſay;
Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
Phillida, Phillida dreſs'd that holiday;
But poor Ralph, ah welladay!
Welladay! welladay!
Turn'd was away.

'Ads nigs, cries Sir Domine
Gemini Gomini, ſhall a rogue ſtay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly,
Has been this way?
No, I ſerve the family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I read prayers and homily,
Homily, homily,
Three times a-day.

## SONG LXII.

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing diſeaſe of the mind,
Can indulge every taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull reputation confin'd!

When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have crowds of new lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the trade,
Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
We ſpend what we get
Every day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go
We have no ſenſe to know,
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

## SONG LXIII.

ONE April morn, when from the ſea
Phœbus was juſt appearing,
Damon and Celia young and gay,
Long ſettled love endearing,
Met in a grove, to vent their ſpleen
On parents unrelenting;
He bred of Tory race had been,
She of the tribe diſſenting.

Celia, whoſe eyes outſhone the god,
Newly the hills adorning,
Told him, mamma would be ſtark mad,
She miſſing prayers that morning;
Damon, his arm about her waiſt,
Swore, that nought ſhould them ſunder.
Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm bleſs'd,
'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
By faction ſtill ſupport it,
Or where vile money taints the mind,
They for convenience court it:
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhou'd raiſe his glory,
Swears he'll exalt a vaſſal true,
Let it be Whig or Tory.

## SONG LXIV.

AMONGST the willows on the graſs
Where nymphs and ſhepherds ly,
Young Willy courted bonny Beſs;
And Nell ſtood liſt'ning by;
Says Will, we will not tarry
Two months before we marry.
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For a maid I'll live and die:
*Says Nell, ſo ſhall not I.*
*Says Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and deſpair,
And kiſſes mix'd between,
He with a ſong did charm her ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;

Says Will, I want a bleſſing,
Subſtantialer than kiſſing.
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For I will never change my mind.
*Says Nell, ſhe'll prove more kind.*
*Says Nell,* &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
Altho' by nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to man inclines:
*Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.*
Oh! who wou'd loſe a treaſure,
For ſuch a puny pleaſure!
Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
And to my vow be true.
*Quoth Nell, the more fool you.*
*Quoth Nell,* &c.

To my cloſet I'll repair,
And read on godly books,
Forget vain love and worldly care.
*Quoth Nell, that likely looks.*
You men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,
Your ſex I now deſpiſe.
*Says Nell, by Jove ſhe lies.*
*Says Nell,* &c.

## SONG LXV.

SELINDA ſure's the brighteſt thing
That decks the earth, or breathes our air;
Mild are her looks like opening ſpring,
And like the blooming ſummer fair.

But then her wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her charms appear to ly,
Like glaring colours on a wall,
And ſtrike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxurioufly ſhe treats,
Our ears are abſent from the feaſt,
One ſenſe is ſurfeited with ſweets,
Starv'd and diſguſted are the reſt.

So have I ſeen with aſpect bright,
And taudry pride, a tulip ſwell,
Blooming and beauteous to the ſight,
Dull and inſipid to the ſmell.

## SONG LXVI.

A TRIFLING ſong ye ſhall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
The women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At Whyte's half a moment to ſit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are no trifles we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The levee will ſhew you, his Grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed!

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of Champaign people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow,
A peace is a trifle to-day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that at every new play,
The houſe they with trifles ſo throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his ſong is a trifle to boot.

## SONG LXVII.

FROM grave leſſons and reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay;
Now's the time he ſoon might move
A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no,
Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
I muſt not try, I cannot fly.
I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art;
Why ſhould I deny my part?
If a lover will purſue;
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

## SONG LXVIII.

### Women and Wine.

SOME ſay women are like the ſea,
Some the waves, and ſome the rocks,
Some the roſe that ſoon decays,
Some the weather, ſome the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, ſo is wine,
They make the ſtateſman loſe his ſkill,
The ſoldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gigg in the graveſt ſcull,
And ſend their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face ſo pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine,
What makes your courage riſe and fall?
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed th' inflaming doſes,
That ſet fire to your noſes?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

## SONG LXIX.

WOU'D you chuſe a wife,
For a happy life?
Leave the court, and the country take,

Where Dolly and Sue,
Young Molly and Prue,
Follow Roger and John,
Whilſt harveſt goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the London dames
(Be it ſpoke to their ſhames)
To ly in their beds till noon,
Then get up and ſtretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch,
Then look at their watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.

Then coffee and tea,
Both green and bohea,
Are ſerv'd to their tables in plate,
Where tattles do run,
As ſwift as the ſun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By their gaming and ſitting up late.

The laſs give me here,
Tho' brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her houſe,
That can milk her cow,
Or farrow her ſow,
Make butter and cheeſe,
Or gather green peaſe,
And values fine cloaths not a ſouſe.

This is the girl
Worth rubies and pearl;
A wife that will make a man rich;

We gentlemen need
No quality breed
To ſquander away
What taxes wou'd pay;
We care not in faith for ſuch.

## SONG LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
A miſtreſs fitted to my mind,
Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
To change her virtue or her love:

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myſelf, and not for mine;
Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childiſh young, nor beldame old,
Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wiſe to rule the ſtate,
Not fooliſh to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor baſely poor,
Nor chaſte, nor a reputed whore:
If ſuch an one you can diſcover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

## SONG LXXI.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtil flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

## SONG LXXII.

YOU may ceaſe to complain,
For your ſuit is in vain;
All attempts you can make
But augments her diſdain;
She bids you give over
While 'tis in your power,
For except her eſteem
She can grant you no more:
Her heart has been long ſince
Aſſaulted and won,
Her truth is as laſting
And firm as the ſun;
You'll find it more eaſy
Your paſſion to cure,
Than for ever thoſe fruitleſs
Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
To the wretched and wife,
But a lover like me
Will thofe precepts defpife;
I fcorn to give over
Were it in my power;
Tho' eſteem were deny'd me,
Yet her I'll adore.
A heart that's been touch'd
Will ſome ſympathy bear,
'Twill leſſen my ſorrows
If ſhe takes a ſhare;
I'll count it more honour
In dying her ſlave,
Than did her affections
The ſteadineſs crave.

You may tell her I'll be
Her true lover, tho' ſhe
Should mankind deſpiſe
Out of hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er,
'Cauſe we get no reward,
She loſt not her worth
When I loſt her regard;
My love on an altar
More noble ſhall burn,
I ſtill will love on
Without hopes of return;
I'll tell her ſome other
Has kindled the flame,
And I'll ſigh for herſelf
In another one's name.

## SONG LXXIII.

### The Tippling Philoſophers.

DIOGENES ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœſus a ſlave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;

He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the cuſtom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo wiſe:
Late hours he moſt certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable ſcold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wiſe o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miſer at home;
And, to ſhew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the laſt (we may truly aver it),
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did ſilence enjoin
On his pupils who wiſdom would ſeek;
Becauſe he tippled good wine,
Till himſelf was unable to ſpeak;
And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful bowls,
By the ſtrength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd tranſmigration of ſouls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine;

With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, moſt writers agree,
Was big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

## SONG LXXIV.

### Down among the dead Men.

HERE'S a health to the king and a laſting peace;
May faction be damn'd, and diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that won't with this comply,
*Down among the dead men,*
*Down among the dead men,*
*Down, down, down, down,*
*Down among the dead men, let him ly.*

Now a health to the queen, and may ſhe long
B' our firſt fair toaſt to grace our ſong;
Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around;
And he that will not drink his dry,
*Down among*, &c. *let him ly.*

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found;
And may confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs woman-hating crew;
And he that will this health deny,
*Down among*, &c. *let him ly.*

Here's thriving to trade, and the commonweal,
And patriots to their country leal;
But who for bribes gives Satan his ſoul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl;
And all that with ſuch rogues comply,
*Down among*, &c. *let him ly.*

In ſmiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleaſure to my ſoul;
Let Bacchus' health round ſwiftly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
And he that does this health deny,
*Down among*, &c. *let him ly.*

## SONG LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in Bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt;
*Let him be merry merry there,*
*And we'll be merry merry here;*
*For who can know where we ſhall go,*
*To be merry another year?*

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he b' obliged to drink ſmall beer,
Ne'er a penny into his purſe:
*Let him be merry*, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe:
*Let him be merry*, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his miſtreſs in his bed,
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his ſtead:
*Let him be merry*, &c.

## SONG LXXVI.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glaſſes;
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when juſt going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking:
Drank about at council-board;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring ſword.

## SONG LXXVII.

SINCE we die by the help of good wine,
I will that a tun be my ſhrine;
And engrave it on my tomb,
Here lies a body once ſo brave,
Who with drinking made his grave,
*Who with*, &c.
Since thus to die will purchaſe fame,
And leave an everlaſting name,
*Since thus to die*, &c.
Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
And let us be nobly interr'd.
*Drink, drink*, &c.
Let miſers and ſlaves
Pop into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.
*Let miſers*, &c.

## SONG LXXVIII.

BACCHUS is a power divine;
For he no ſooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares reſign,
And droop, and droop, and ſink down dead:
Then, then the pleaſing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At leaſt I fancy ſo;
And without thought of want I ſing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
With flowers, weav'd into a garland, crown'd;
Then, then I begin to live,
And ſcorn what all the world can ſhow or give,

Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour and delight
To make a noiſe, a noiſe and fight,
Go ſeek out war whilſt I ſeek peace,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink.
Then fill my glaſs, fill fill it high;
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;
But when bottles are rang'd,
Make war with me,
The fighting fool ſhall ſee,
When I am ſunk,
The difference to ly dead,
And ly dead drunk.
*The fighting fool*, &c.

## SONG LXXIX.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart
From amorous looks and ſmiles;
From ſaucy love, or nicer art,
Which moſt our ſex beguiles.

From ſighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do to pity move;
From ſpeaking ſilence, and from tears,
Thoſe ſprings that water love.

But if thro' paſſion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature ſeems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whoſe flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
Needs every virtue's aid;
And ſhe who thinks herſelf ſecure,
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

## SONG LXXX.

WHY ſhou'd a fooliſh marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead
When the pleaſure is fled;
'Twas pleaſure firſt made it an oath.

If I have pleaſures for a friend,
And further love in ſtore,
What wrong has he whoſe joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madneſs that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain
Is to give ourſelves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

## SONG LXXXI.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart,
Soft as theſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes ſhe did enſlave me;
But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day aſunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes;
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kiſſes:
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

## SONG LXXXII

I'LL ſail upon the *dog-ſtar*,
And then purſue the morning;
I'll chaſe the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the froſty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the ſky,
And tie both ends together.

The ſtars pluck from their orbs too,
And croud them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Greſham college judge it:

While I mount yon blue celum,
To ſhun the tempting gipſies;
Play at football with ſun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipſes.

## SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Sufan, what doft mufe on,
By this doleful fpring?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear;
Alas, poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie, I muft blame ye,
You look fo pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas, poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye;
Well I know your fmart;
When you're alone, you figh and groan;
Alas, poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To fay, thy heart is ftole,
And know that fhe as well as thee;
Alas, poor foul!

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And eafe thy heart of all this fmart;
Alas, poor girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you fhou'd know,
I fear 'twould make you fad,
And pine away both night and day;
Alas, poor lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you,
That I burn in theſe flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor James!

SUSAN.

Say you ſo, then, Jamie, know,
If you ſhou'd prove untrue,
Then muſt I likewiſe cry,
Alas, poor Sue!

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to-day.
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth ſhe,
Come let's away.

## SONG LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fills my mind:
'Tis then I think thee ſo divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine:
But when thou inſult'ſt and laugh'ſt at my pain,
I waſh thee away with ſparkling champaign;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I ſee,
I freely quit my friends for thee;
Perſuaſive love ſo charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wiſh again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
Then ſtraight with a bumper I baniſh deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

## Song LXXXV.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my ſong,
A moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad, and an Iriſh dear-ſhoy;
They neither before had ſeen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch name;
As they were a-walking,
And merrily talking,
At laſt, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Haha! cries Sawny, What do ye ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe itſh Shaint Patrick's croſs.
Says Sawny, ye'll find yourſell meikle miſtaken,
For it is Saint Andrew's croſs, I can ſwear;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apoſtle did wear.

Nay, o' my ſhoul joy, thou telleſht all lees,
For that I will ſhwear is Shaint Patrick's coat;
I ſhee't him in Ireland buying the frieze,
And that I am ſhure iſh the ſhame that he bought;
And he iſh a ſhaint much better than ever
Made either the covenantſh ſholemn or league:
For o' my ſhalwaſhion,
He was my relaſhion,
And had a great kindneſh for honeſt poor Teague.

Wherefore, ſays Teague, I will, by my ſhoul,
Lay down my napſhack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy croſs feet I will fall,
And ſhay *Pater Noſhter*, and ſome of our creeds.

So Teague began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before St. Patrick's croſs;
The wind fell a-blowing,
And ſet it a-going,
And gave our dear ſhoy a terrible toſs.

Sawny tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll on the graſs,
Swearing, it was ſurely the deil's whirligig,
And none (he roar'd out) of St. Patrick's croſs;
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a paſſion,
The croſs of our ſhaint that has croſht me ſo ſore?
Upo' my ſhalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a cawſhion,
To truſt to St. Patrick's kindneſs no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
This patron of yours is a very ſad loun,
To hit you ſic a ſair thump on the hide,
For kneeling before him, and ſeeking a boon:
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our St. Andrew,
He, by my ſaul, was a ſpecial gude man:
For ſince your St. Patrick
Has ſerv'd you ſic a trick,
I'd ſee him hung up ere I ſerv'd him again.

## SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Succeſs in crouds and noiſe,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And all the world think them wiſe,
While I ly at my Nanny's feet,
And all the world deſpiſe.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raiſe,
And melt in court-delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

## SONG LXXXVII.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent;
The offering all your ſtore,
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late,
You hind'red me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſehoods plain appear,
My love no longer ſtaid.

Your bounty of theſe favours ſhown,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

O! ſince the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone?

## SONG LXXXVIII.

YES, all the world will ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My *queen*, my *ſlave* at laſt.

Nor ought theſe things to be confin'd,
That were for public good deſign'd:
Cou'd we, in fooliſh pride,
Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
'Twou'd burn our corn and graſs away,
To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two ſouls which paſſion does unite;
For while our love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away,
And why the devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

## SONG LXXXIX.

MY goddeſs Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily ſweet, as ſoft as air,
Let looſe thy treſſes, ſpread thy charms,
And to my love give freſh alarms.

O! let me gaze on theſe bright eyes,
Tho' ſacred lightning from them flies;
Show me that ſoft, that modeſt grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambroſia* in a kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in bliſs,
That I may mix my ſoul with thine,
And make the pleaſure all divine.

O! hide thy boſom's killing white,
(The milky way is not ſo bright);
Leſt you my raviſh'd ſoul oppreſs,
With beauty's pomp, and ſweet exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endleſs charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms.

## SONG XC.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madneſs all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Miſella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why,
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

## SONG XCI.

HARK how the trumpet ſounds to battle,
Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle;
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft things to ſay,
While honour alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarm me,
And Celia ſo charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
Hark how the trumpet ſweetly charms;
Celia no more then muſt be obeyed,
Cannons are roaring and enſigns diſplayed:
The thoughts of promotion
Inſpire ſuch a notion
Of Celia's devotion,
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celeſtial powers,
Ye gods, bleſs the nymph with happy ſoft hours:
O may ſhe ever to love me incline,
Such lovely perfections I cannot reſign;
Firm conſtancy grant her,
My true love ſhall haunt her,
My ſoul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

## SONG XCII.

SHALL I, waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſy are?

Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be?

Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be?

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be?

## SONG XCIII.

AS the ſnow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the beauties, ſo the graces,
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,

By the ſlaves he once control'd;
So the nymph if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move:
Soft careſſes, am'rous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances,
Are the bleſs'd effects of love.

Fair ones! while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends;
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories
To your unbelieving friends.

## SONG XCIV.

FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray,
Purſue, and ſeek her, every lover,
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wand'ring ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is, with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

With ſkill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect them;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

## SONG XCV.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the plain,
Song nor ſonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occaſion,
And be maſter of the field:
To a powerful kind invaſion,
'Twere a madneſs not to yield.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful for ſhame.

When the fierce aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find,
This her cruel furious lover,
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

## SONG XCVI.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee ſuch an aſs,
Hadſt thou ne'er ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a laſs,
Whoſe pride's above her pleaſure.

## SONG XCVII.

HE.

AWAKE, thou faireſt thing in nature,
How can you ſleep when day does break;
How can you ſleep, my charming creature,
When half a world for you are awake?

SHE.

What ſwain is this that ſings ſo early,
Under my window by the dawn?

HE.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity eaſe my pain.

SHE.

Softly, elſe you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love ſhe lets me hear;
Go tell your paſſion to ſome other,
Or whiſper't ſoftly in my ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms!
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

## Song XCVIII.

IN ſpite of love at length I've found
A miſtreſs that can pleaſe me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day ſhe'll eaſe me.
No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret.*

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtil from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret.*

But, beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her ſkin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret.*

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your hands about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom, never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret.*

## SONG XCIX.

O SURPRISING, lovely fair!
Who with Chloe can compare?
Sure ſhe's form'd for beauty's queen,
Her wit, her ſhape, her grace, her mien,
By far excels all nymphs I've ſeen;
No mortal eye
Can view her nigh,
Too exquiſite for human ſight to ſee:
Tho' ſhe ne'er may be kind,
Nor for me e'er deſign'd,
Yet I love, I love, I love,
The charming ſhe.

## SONG C.

WHEN bright Aurelia tript the plain,
How chearful then were ſeen,
The looks of every jolly ſwain,
That ſtrove Aurelia's heart to gain,
With gambols on the green?

Their ſports were innocent and gay,
Mix'd with a manly air;
They'd ſing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each ſtrove to pleaſe, ſome different way,
This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious ſtrife ſhe did admire,
And equally approve,
Till Phaon's tuneful voice and lyre,
Which ſofteſt muſic did inſpire
Her ſoul to generous love.

Their wonted ſports the reſt declin'd,
Their arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's conſtant now they find,
The more they languiſh and repin'd,
The more ſhe loves the *ſwain.*

## SONG CI.

AWAY, you rover,
For ſhame give over,
You play the lover
So like an aſs;
You are for ſtorming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing,
We read in your face.

## SONG CII.

HE who for ever
Wou'd hope for favour,
He muſt endeavour
To charm the fair:
He dances, he dances,
He da-a-a-a-a-ances,
He ſighs and glances,
He makes advances,
He ſings and dances,
And mends his air.

## SONG CIII.

*GO, go, go, go, falſeſt of thy ſex, be gone,*
*Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myſelf alone!*
Why would you ſtrive by fond pretence,
Thus to deſtroy my innocence?
*Go, go,* &c.——*leave, leave,* &c.

Young Celia, you too late betray'd,
Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
"Love, like a dream uſher'd by night,
Flies the approach of morning light."
*Go, go,* &c.——*leave, leave,* &c.

She that believes man when he ſwears,
Or leaſt regards his oaths and prayers,
May ſhe, fond ſhe, be moſt accurſt;
Nay more, be ſubject to his luſt.
*Go, go,* &c.——*leave, leave,* &c.

## SONG CIV.

BELINDA, with affected mien,
Tries all the power of art;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle heart:
Whilſt Chloe, in a different way,
Is but herſelf to pleaſe,
And makes new conqueſts every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air deſtroys
What native charms inſpire;
While Chloe's artleſs ſhining eyes
Set all the world on fire:

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Belinda may our pity move;
But Chloe gives us pain,
And while ſhe ſmiles us into love,
Her ſiſter frowns in vain.

## SONG CV.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a ſummer-day,
Inviting and undreſs'd,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair Celia lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſs'd;
When a youthful ſwain,
With admiring eyes,
Wiſh'd that he durſt
The ſweet maid ſurpriſe;
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.
But fear'd approaching ſpies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle zephyr aroſe,
That fann'd her robes aſide:
And the ſleeping nymph
Did the charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his breath grew ſhort,
And his pulſe beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to ſpy;
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous wind;
Then in whiſpers ſigh'd,
And the gods deſir'd,
That Celia might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain;
But ſhe laugh'd loud
In a dream, and again,
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.
Repell'd the timorous ſwain.

Yet the amorous youth,
To relieve his ſoft pain,
The ſlumb'ring maid careſs'd;
And with trembling hand
(O ſimple poor ſwain!)
Her glowing boſom preſs'd:
When the virgin awak'd,
And affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing
He wou'd purſue:
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.
But Damon miſs'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,
That he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd,
What a dull and a ſtupid
Blockhead was I,
That ſuch a chance abus'd?
To my ſhame 'twill now
On the plains be ſaid,
Damon a virgin
Aſleep betray'd,
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.
And let her go a maid.

## SONG CVI.

WHILE ſilently I lov'd, nor dar'd
To tell my crime aloud,
The influence of your ſmiles I ſhar'd,
In common with the croud.

But when I once my flames expreſt,
In hopes to eaſe my pain,
You ſingl'd me out from all the reſt,
The mark of your diſdain.

If thus, Corinna, you ſhall frown
On all that I adore,
Then all mankind muſt be undone,
Or you muſt ſmile no more.

## SONG CVII.

OH! happy, happy grove,
Witneſs of our tender love;
Oh! happy, happy ſhade,
Where firſt our vows were made:
Bluſhing, ſighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a Jove;
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
And all——and all was love.
But Corinna perjur'd proves,
And forſakes the ſhady groves;
When I ſpeak of mutual joys,
She knows not what I mean;
Wanton glances, fond careſſes
Now no more are ſeen,
Since the falſe deluding fair
Has left the flow'ry green:

Mourn, ye nymphs, that ſporting play'd,
Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the ſecret wound ſhe gave,
When I was made her ſlave.

## SONG CVIII.

THE ſages of old,
In prophecy told
The cauſe of a nation's undoing;
But our new Engliſh breed
No prophecies need,
For each one here ſeeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil wars,
And preach up falſe tenets to many;
We ſnarl and we bite,
We rail and we fight
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the ſenate would ſettle;
Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he ſhou'd,
And bravely ſtands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politic things,
Nor treaſon will ſpeak when he's mellow;
But takes a full glaſs,
To his country's ſucceſs:
This, this is an honeſt brave fellow.

## SONG CIX.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleaſing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now
That cou'd like yours inſpire:
Now I may ſay I met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the ſun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving ſighs,
When longing lovers meet,
Like the divining prophets, wiſe;
Like new-blown roſes, ſweet;
Modeſt, yet gay; reſerv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majeſty,
And yet no ſpark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaſte, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward ſuch care,
And life ſo long would ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would ſeem but as one day.

## SONG CX.

PRITHEE, Billy, ben't ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy days in grief;
You ſay, Betty will not let ye;
But can ſorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, ceaſe your whining;
Pox on torment, tears, and wo:
If ſhe's tender, ſhe'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough,—e'en let her go.

## SONG CXI.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the paſſion know no meaſure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why ſhou'd we, our bliſs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my ſoft embraces ſmiling,
We'll be happy as the gods.

## SONG CXII.

A SOUR reformation
Crawls out thro' the nation,
While dunder-head ſages
Who hope for good wages,
Direct us the way.
Ye ſons of the muſes,
Then cloak your abuſes;
And leſt you ſhou'd trample
On pious example,
Obſerve and obey.
Time-frenzy curers,
And ſtubborn nonjurors,
For want of diverſion,
Now ſcourge the lewd times:

They've hinted, they've printed,
Our vein it profane is,
And worſt of all crimes;
The clod-pated railers,
Smiths, cobblers, and colliers,
Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion,
Of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em,
And malice inſpir'd 'em,
To tutor the age:
But if in ſeaſon,
You'd know the true reaſon;
The hopes of preferment,
Is what makes the vermin
Now rail at the ſtage.
Cuckolds and canters,
With ſcruples and banters,
Old *Oliver's* peal,
Againſt poetry ring:
But let ſtate revolvers,
And treaſon abſolvers,
Excuſe, if I ſing,
The rebel that chuſes
To cry down the muſes,
Wou'd cry down the king.

*The end of the* THIRD VOLUME.

A

# COLLECTION

OF

# CHOICE SONGS

ANNA *with an angel's air,*
*Sweet her notes, her face as fair,*
*Vaſſals and kings*
*Feel, when ſhe ſings,*
*Charms of warbling beauty near.*

VOLUME IV.

## ETTRICK Banks.

I.

ON Ettrick banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I ſaid, my laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earſe to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.

At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter froſts and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs among the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer-ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

## The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from the ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer-ſuits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythſome then and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly, my love, to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;

The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.

## HERO and LEANDER.

### An old BALLAD.

I.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Helleſpont all naked ſtood,
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging ſeas,
Whom none can pleaſe,
'Gainſt him their malice ſhow;
The heavens lour'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks, and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder ſtands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.

To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No:
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe;
But ſunk the youth as low.

IV.

Meanwhile the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid;
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſſage prove:
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

V.

At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her weary'd arms to ſwim;

The ſea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide.
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

## Rare WILLY drown'd in YARROW.

I.

WILLY'S rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny;
And Willy height to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

Yeſtreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water-ſide,
Pou'd you the roſe or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or ſaw you my ſweet Willy?

IV.

She ſought him eaſt, ſhe ſought him weſt,
She ſought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

## The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go?
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A *clown* in his *dreſs* may be honeſter far,
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his *garter* and *ſtar*.

II.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd, they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his *betters* are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without ſcruple from other men's ſacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

III.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the *tools* of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill;
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does ly,
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a *miller*, then who'd be a *king*?

## Tamo Tanto.

I.

SO much I love thee, O my treaſure!
That my flame no bound does know:
Oh! look upon your ſwain with pleaſure,
For his pain ſome pity ſhow.

II.

Oh! my charmer, though I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains;
Let not then my abſence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.

## The beautiful Singer.

I.

SINGING charms the bleſs'd above,
Angels ſing, and ſaints approve;
All we below
Of heaven can ſhow,
Is that they both ſing and love.

II.

Anna, with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair:
Vaſſals and kings
Feel, when ſhe ſings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

III.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and ſurpriſe;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

IV.

Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let the flute and lyre
In duſt expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal *ſharp*.

## Sweet WILLIAM'S Ghoſt.

I.

THERE came a ghoſt to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

II.

Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new come home?

III.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy
From Scotland new come home.

IV.

O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee ſpeak to me?
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I ſhou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee ſpeak to me?
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſpirit, Marg'ret,
That's now ſpeaking to thee.

X.

She ſtretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt,
Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,
God ſend your ſoul good reſt.

XI.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corpſe follow'd ſhe.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your ſide, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my ſide, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghoſt to Marg'ret ſaid,
But with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

XVI.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

## Great Lamentation for the loſs of ſweet SENISINO.

I.

AS muſing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes:
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
*Oh! the tears*, &c.

II.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan,
She told me, her ſweet Seniſino was flown;
And in that ſad poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
*And in*, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo lovely an eye!
To beauty ſo blooming what man can be blind!
To paſſion ſo tender what monſter unkind!
*To beauty*, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus, in lamenting, I water the lee,
My warbler celeſtial, ſweet darling of fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a ſex without name.
*My warbler celeſtial*, &c.

V.

Perhaps 'tis ſome linnet, ſome blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky;
Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
*Come dry*, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no blackbird, no ſky-lark ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three;
My ſweet Seniſino, for whom I now cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd ſongſter's that fly.
*My ſweet*, &c.

VII.

Adieu, Farinelli, Cuzzonni likewiſe,
Whom ſtars and whom garters extol to the ſkies;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
*Adieu*, &c.

## The Virgin's Prayer.

I.

CUPID, eaſe a love-ſick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid:
With equal ardour wound the ſwain:
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleaſing ſmart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart;
When one you wound you then deſtroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

## Ungrateful NANNY.

I.

DID ever ſwain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever ſhepherd's heart ſo ſore,
Or ever broken heart ſo true?
My cheeks are ſwell'd with tears, but ſhe
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I ſtay,
Or linger when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the word to ſay,
And all ſhe wiſh'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but ſhe
Does ne'er beſtow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers faſt,
If Robin in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever Nanny loſt a ſheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did ſafely keep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny ſtill is cold to me.

V.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the ſack, but ſhe
Will never bear a ſight of me.

VI.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peaſe at leaſt.
Her little pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a kiſs from me.

VII.

Muſt Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny ſtill on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If Nanny does not love me ſoon!
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron ſtring.

## The Scullion's Complaint.

I.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;
A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſighs with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter that car'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was ſet in a diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water, and wiſh,
I think it had better been fry'd.
The butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
Oh! might I but eat it, he ſaid,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a clown;
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town?
Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
Would ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought
Where puddings we boil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by?
Ah Colin! thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy knife and thy trencher reſign;
There's Marg'ret will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her turn is ſooner than mine.

V.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail,

Tho' I ſhou'd through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine ſtill to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In your breaſts any pity be found,
Ye ſervants that earlieſt dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
Whilſt Colin, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.*

## The Hunter's Song.

I.

WHEN betimes on the morn to the fields we repair,
We range where the chace may be ſeated;
At the ſound of the horn all diſturbance and care
Flies away from the din as defeated.

* See the excellent original, above, *p.* 20, of which this is the burleſque.

II.

Then Jouler did roar, hearing Tolier before,
Brave muſic makes Sweet-lips and Mally,
At the ſound of the noiſe the hunters rejoice,
And the ſquat makes the ratches to rally.

III.

Then caſting about, we find her anew,
And we raiſe them a haloo to chear them;
The echoes around from the mountains reſound,
Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

IV.

And when ſhe turns weak, and her life's at the ſtake,
We take care to make her a ſeizure;
And ſoon as we kill, we recover at will,
And home we return at our leiſure.

V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
With the beſt of good chear can provide us;
Good liquors abound, and healths go round,
Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

VI.

Then we riſe in a ring, we dance and we ſing,
Having enough of our own, none to borrow:
Can the court of a king yield a pleaſanter thing?
We're the ſame juſt to-day as to-morrow.

## The jolly Bender.

I.

BACCHUS muſt now his power reſign,
I am the only god of wine;
It is not fit that wretch ſhou'd be
In competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

II.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing elſe but wine;
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and ſea,
And let that wine be all for me.

III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let ſtates and empires ſwim or ſink,
My ſoul's ambition is to drink.

## The Hay-maker's Song.

I.

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The ſun in haſte
Drives to the weſt,
With ſports, with ſports conclude the day;
Let every man chuſe out his laſs,
And then ſalute her on the graſs;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that moment paſs;

Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

II.

At night when round the hall we ſit,
With good brown bowls
To chear our ſouls,
And raiſe, and raiſe a merry chat:
When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try;
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
Drink night away,
And ſleep all day,
Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
Our daily works ſuch vigour give,
That nightly ſports we oft revive,
And kiſs our dames
With ſtronger flames,
Than any prince alive:
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

## WATTY and MADGE.

*In imitation of* WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſhining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breaſt,
And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel rung.

III.

So wad the ſofteſt face appear
Of the maiſt dreſſy ſpark,
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery buſh
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but ſolid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With viſage ſour and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my criſhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

O Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
When all were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight?
How cou'd you rooſe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples ſlight?

XII.

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down?

XIII.

O faithleſs Watty, think how aft
I ment your ſarks and hoſe!
For you how many bannocks ſtown,
How many cogues of broſe!

XIV.

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come ſee, ye haſh, how ſair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

XV.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raiſe and rax'd himſell,
And fidg'd he was ſae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the ſavory bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

## CELIA in a Jeſſamine Bower.

I.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove weſtward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The ſwallows amain
Nimbly ſkim o'er the plain,
And our ſhadows like giants appear.

II.

In a jeſſamine bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And *zephyrs* breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia ſhe ſat
With her ſong and ſpinet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with her ſound.

III.

Roſy bowers ſhe ſung,
Whilſt the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The induſtrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their ſweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By *zephyrs* conducted along;
As he touch'd on the ſtrings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the ſong.

V.

O ye mortals! beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound;
Your fate you can't ſhun,
For you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

## Were not my heart light, I wad die.

I.

THERE was anes a May, and ſhe loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
But now ſhe cries dool! and a-well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
*But now ſhe cries dool!* &c.

II.

When bonny young Johny came o'er the ſea,
He ſaid he ſaw naething ſae lovely as me;
He heght me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
*He heght*, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe;
She rais'd ſuch a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
*She rais'd*, &c.

IV.

The day it was ſet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and ſhe grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad ſee me again.
*She main'd*, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
*Albeit I was*, &c.

VI.

They ſaid, I had neither cow nor ca'f,
Nor dribles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
*Nor pickles of*, &c.

VII.

His titty ſhe was baith wylie and ſlee,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then ſhe ran in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
*And then ſhe*, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet ſtood ay fou' round on his brow,
His auld ane looks ay as well as ſome's new;
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſt himſell dowie upon the corn-bing.
*But now he*, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er ſteeks his eye,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
*The live-lang*, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been gallopping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
*And linking*, &c.

## Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your ſoul poſſeſs'd,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſs'd,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſs'd,
When kind Jeany lo'ed me!
Hey ho, Jeany, quoth he,
Kind Robin lo'es thee.

JEANY.

Whilſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me!
*Hey ho, Robin*, &c.

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind Katy lo'es me.
*Hey ho, Jeany*, &c.

JEANY.

Paty now delights my eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd periſh twice;
For kind Paty lo'es me.
*Hey ho, Robin*, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee diſdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the ſtrongeſt chain?
For kind Robin lo'es thee.
*Hey ho, Jeany*, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind, as kind can be,
And thou more ſtormy than the ſea,
I'd chuſe to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me.
*Hey ho, Robin*, &c.

## O my heavy Heart!

Tune—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O MY heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twould burſt in twain!
No tongue can e'er deſcribe its ſmart,
Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on ye winds, deſcend ſoft rains,
To ſooth my tender grief;
Your ſolemn muſic lulls my pain,
And yields me ſhort relief.
*O my heart*, &c.

III.

In ſome lone corner would I ſit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor ſhow, nor ſparkling wit,
Can eaſe my anxious mind.
*O my heart*, &c.

IV.

The ſun, which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark ſhades I paſs the day,
Where echo ſleeping lies.
*O my heart*, &c.

V.

The ſparkling ſtars which gaily ſhine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all ſuch cruel foes of mine,
I ſicken at their ſight.
*O my heart*, &c.

VI.

The gods themſelves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the nymph
Who only you adore.
*O my heart*, &c.

VII.

The ſtrongeſt paſſion of the mind,
The greateſt bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful love,
If not the greateſt wo.
*O my heart*, &c.

## Bellaſpelling.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Lewelling,
By water clear, come every year,
And drink at Bellaſpelling.
Tho' pox or itch your ſkin enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin, ere you have been
A month at Bellaſpelling.

II.

Tho' ladies' cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling roſe within them blows
While ſhe's at Bellaſpelling.
The ſutty brown juſt come from town,
Grows here as freſh as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux,
By dint of Bellaſpelling.

III.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſs or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Bellaſpelling.
We muſt ſubmit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at Bellaſpelling.

IV.

By matchleſs charms and conquering arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at Bellaſpelling.
Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know't, becauſe I fell in
The happy ſtream where a fair dame
Did bathe at Bellaſpelling.

V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their Anne and Nell in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with Bellaſpelling.
No politics, or ſubtile tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat and drink, and never think,
Like rogues at Bellaſpelling.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are ſure to find a cure,
By drinking Bellaſpelling.

Tho' dropſy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at Bellaſpelling.

VII.

Death throws no darts in theſe good parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you're at Bellaſpelling;
Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are very belle in,
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
You die at Bellaſpelling.

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte and ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much,
Each day at Bellaſpelling.
Within this bound we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's ſake
All night at Bellaſpelling.

IX.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at Bellaſpelling.
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unleſs I ſhou'd bring hell in;
But ſince we're here to heav'n ſo near,
I can't at Bellaſpelling.

## The wandering Beauty.

I.

THE graces and the wandering loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chaſe the fawns, or in the groves
To wound admiring ſwains:
With their bright *miſtreſs* there they ſtray,
Who turns their careleſs eyes
From daily victories; yet each day
Behold new triumphs in her way,
And conquers as ſhe flies;
*And conquers*, &c.

II.

But ſee! implor'd by moving prayers
To change the lover's pain;
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals who this maid purſue,
Think you ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you like her divine;
*Or you*, &c.

## The Sweet Temptation.

I.

SAW ye the nymph whom I adore?
Saw ye the goddeſs of my heart?
And can you bid me love no more?
And can you think I feel no ſmart?

II.

So many charms around her ſhine,
Who can the ſweet temptation fly?
Spite of her ſcorn, ſhe's ſo divine,
That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

## Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

I.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme in the weſt country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

II.

He ſent his man down through the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte, and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

III.

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when ſhe drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O it's I'm ſick, and very very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-ſpilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan?

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

VII.

And ſlowly, ſlowly raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him;
And ſighing, ſaid, ſhe cou'd not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Wo to Barbara Allan.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow,
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

## The Toper's Petition.

I.

O GRANT me, kind Bacchus,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ſhip that's well-mann'd
With ſuch rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly alehouſe.

II.

Let the ſhip ſpring a leak,
To let in the tipple,
Without pump or longboat,
To ſave ſhip or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail,
It is my deſign
To be nobly entomb'd
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and ſpirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

## The Relief by the Bowl.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief:
If we find that won't do, we'll have ſuch another;
And ſo we'll proceed from one bowl to another;
Till, like ſons of Apollo, we'll make our wit ſoar,
Or in homage to Bacchus, fall down on the floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry ſouls,
Each of them delighted to toſs off their bowls;
Then let us, to ſhow ourſelves mortals of merit,
Be toaſting theſe gods in a bowl of good claret.
And then we ſhall each be deſerving of praiſe:
But the man that drinks moſt ſhall go off with the bays.

## On Maſonry.

I.

BY *maſon's* art, the aſpiring dome
In various columns ſhall ariſe;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the ſkies.
*Heroes* and *kings* revere their name,
And *poets* ſing their deathleſs fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wiſe, and brave,
Are titles they moſt juſtly claim;
Their deeds ſhall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn ſhall loud proclaim;
Time ſhall their glorious acts inrol,
Whilſt love and friendſhip charm the ſoul.

## The Coquet.

I.

FROM Whyte's and Will's,
To purling rills,
The love-ſick Strephon flies;
There full of wo,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon ſwore,
And what is ſtrange,
Tho' loath to change,
Would never ſee her more.

## Gently touch, &c.

I.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt,
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.

## IMITATED.

I.

GENTLY ſtir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roaſt,
Get me, quick, 'tis my deſire,
In the dreeping-pan a toaſt:
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dreſſer ſee it lies:
O the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed!
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
Let the knives be ſharp and clean;
Pickles get of every ſort,
And a ſalad criſp and green:
Then with ſmall beer and ſparkling wine,
O ye gods! how I ſhall dine!

## The happy Beggars.

*Queen of the Beggars.*

HOW bleſs'd are beggar-laſſes,
Who never toil for treaſure!
Who know no care, but how to ſhare
Each day ſucceſſive pleaſure!
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars ſtill with bliſs abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilſt the ſparkling glaſs goes round.

*Firſt Woman.*

A fig for gaudy faſhions,
No want of cloaths oppreſſes;
We live at eaſe with rags and fleas,
We value not our dreſſes.
*Drink away*, &c.

*Second Woman.*

We ſcorn all ladies' waſhes,
With which they ſpoil each feature,
No patch or paint our beauties want,
We live in ſimple nature.
*Drink away*, &c.

*Third Woman.*

No cholic, ſpleen, or vapours,
At morn, or evening teaſe us;
We drink no tea, or ratafia;
When ſick, a dram can eaſe us.
*Drink away*, &c.

*Fourth Woman.*

That ladies act in private,
By nature's ſoft compliance;
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiſs without a licence.
*Drink away*, &c.

*Fifth Woman.*

We know no ſhame or ſcandal,
The beggars law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
*Drink away*, &c.

*Sixth Woman.*

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all ſorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleaſure till to-morrow.
*Drink away*, &c.

## LUCY and COLIN.

I.

OF Leiſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impaired her roſy hue,
Her coral lips and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

II.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware,

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round:

IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die;
Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare:
But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
That Lucy will be there.

VI.

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades dear,
This bridegroom blyth to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
I in my winding-ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd: her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blyth to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts!
How were theſe nuptials kept!
The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,
When ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the conſtant hind,
And plighted maids are ſeen,
With garlands gay and true love-knots
They deck the ſacred green.
But, ſwain foreſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

## DERMET'S Cronoch.

I.

ONE Sunday after maſs,
Dermet and his laſs
To the Greenwood did paſs,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.

He aſk'd for a pogue,
And ſhe call'd him a rogue,
And ſtruck him with her brogue,
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

III.

Said he, My dear ſhoy,
Why will you prove coy?
Let us play, let us toy,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.

If I were ſo mild,
You are ſo very wild,
You would get me a ſhild,
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

V.

He brib'd her with fruits,
And he brib'd her with nuts,
Till a thorn prick'd her foots.
Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

VI.

Shall I pull it out?
You will hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to ſhout.
Haloo! haloo! haloo!

## A Review of St. PAUL'S Church, COVENT-GARDEN.

I.

HAVING ſpent all my time
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of ſpite;
But what the prieſt ſaid
Is quite out of my head,
I reſolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the ſable top-knot to the ſcarlets;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a foul play,
The houſe ne'er ſwarmed ſo with harlots.

III.

Madam Lovely I ſaw,
With her daughters-in-law,
Whom ſhe offers to ſale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midſt of her pray'rs
She negotiates affairs,
And ſigns aſſignations for Monday.

IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,
Whoſe own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy cloaths,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to ſhew ſigns of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Whom we ſhall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

VI.

Madam Fair there ſhe ſits,
Almoſt out of her wits,

Betwixt vice and devotion debating;
She's as vitious as fair,
And has no buſineſs there,
To hear Maſter Tickle text-prating.

VII.

From the corner of the ſquare
Comes a hopeful young pair,
As religious as they ſee occaſion;
But if patches or paint
Be true ſigns of a ſaint,
We've no reaſon to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done,
He bleſs'd every one,
With his benediction the people:
So I run to the Crown,
Leſt the church ſhou'd fall down,
And beat out my brains with the ſteeple.

## SUSAN'S Complaint and Remedy.

I.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to paſs,
Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful laſs,
Her age, I am ſure, it was ſcarcely fifteen,
And ſhe on her head wore a garland of green;
Her lips were like rubies; and as for her eyes,
They ſparkled like diamonds, or ſtars in the ſkies;
And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
And ſhe ſung a ſong for the loſs of her dear.

II.

Why does my love Willy prove falſe and unkind?
Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in every degree?
Ah! why does he change to another from me?
Or does he take pleaſure to torture me ſo?
Or does he delight in my ſad overthrow?
Suſanna will always prove true to her truſt,
'Tis pity lov'd Willy ſhould prove ſo unjuſt.

III.

In the meadows as we were a-making of hay,
There did we paſs the ſoft minutes away;
Then was I kiſs'd and ſet down on his knee,
No man in the world was ſo loving as he.
And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
I milk'd him ſweet ſillabubs under my cow:
O then I was kiſs'd as I sat on his knee!
No man in the world was ſo loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
Employs all his wiſhes, his thoughts, and his care:
He kiſſes her lip as ſhe ſits on his knee,
And ſays all the ſweet things he once ſaid to me:
But if ſhe believe him, the falſe-hearted ſwain
Will leave her, and then ſhe with me may complain.
For nought is more certain, believe ſilly Sue,
Who once has been faithleſs can never be true.

V.

She finiſhed her ſong, and roſe up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young John,
Who told her that ſhe was the joy of his life,
And if ſhe'd conſent, he wou'd make her his wife:

She cou'd not refuſe him, ſo to church they went;
Young Willy's forgot, and young Suſan's content.
Moſt men are like Willy, moſt women like Sue;
If men will be falſe, why ſhou'd women be true?

## The Cobler.

I.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he cou'd purchaſe a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, Juſt to a hair I've made both ends meet.
*Derry down*, &c.

III.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thro' the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
*Derry down*, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler ſtraight over the way.
*Derry down*, &c.

V.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear;
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
*Derry down*, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſole:
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll.
*Derry down*, &c.

## The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have ſlain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green!
*They have*, &c.

II.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.
*I bade*, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might have been a king.
*And the*, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.
*And the*, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove:
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queen's love.
*And the*, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the caſtle Down,
Ere ſhe ſee the Earl of Murray
Come founding thro' the town.
*Ere ſhe*, &c.

## If e'er I do well, 'tis a Wonder.

I.

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder:

I ſpent all my means
On whores, bawds, and queans:
Then I got a commiſſion to plunder.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

II.

The hat I have on,
So greaſy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its ſhining;
'Tis ſtitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd
As a ſailor on board,
That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilboes.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

IV.

My ſhirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine,
That it is my deſign
To preſent it to the muſes for tinder.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

V.

My blue fuſtian breeches
Is wore to the ſtitches,
My legs you may ſee what's between them;

My pockets all four,
I'm the ſon of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

VI.

I've ſtockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a ſhoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
Be damn'd the boot-ſole,
Curſe on the ſpur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but ſeen
The ſad plight I was in,
Ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet amongſt twenty;
I have nothing that's full,
But my ſhirt and my ſcull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.
*Fal al de ral*, &c.

## The Fumbler's Rant.

I.

COME carls a' of fumblers' ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna pleaſe them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take our hearts to cheer;
What fauts we have our wives can tell:
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldeſt bairn we hae's ourſell.

II.

Chriſt'ning of weans we are rid of,
The pariſh-prieſt 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the houſe we dwell.
Our bairn's tocher is a' paid,
We're maſters of the gear ourſell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld ſon and the laſs,
Into the barn amang the ſtrae,
He grips her in the dark begueſs,
And after that comes meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It coſt the carl baith corn and hay;
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic croſſes haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour Robie,
The way the carl does, we ſee,
Wi' his auld ſon and his daughter Maggy:
Boots he maun hae, piſtols, why not?
The huſſy maun hae corkit ſhoon:
We are no ſae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam:
We'll ſit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er ſoon for us to gang.

Foul fa' the cock he'as ſpilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll ſit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' they rave at Yool.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremoſt hame ſhall bear the mell;
I'll ſet me down, leſt I be fee,
For fear that I ſhou'd bear't myſell.
And I, quoth Rob, and down ſat he,
The gear ſhall never me outride,
But we'll take a ſoup of the barley-bree,
And drink to our yell fireſide.

## The Matron's Wiſh.

I.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
And my viſage looks pale;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye-ſight does fail;
Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old huſband
To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

*The pleaſures of youth*
*Are flowers but of May;*
*Our life's but a vapour,*
*Our body's but clay:*
*O let me live well,*
*Tho' I live but a day.*

II.

With a ſermon on Sunday,
And a bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire,
And good viands in't;
With ale, beer, and brandy,
Both winter and ſummer,
To drink to my goſſip,
And be pledg'd by my cummer.
*The pleaſures of*, &c.

III.

With pigs and with poultry,
And ſome money in ſtore,
To purchaſe the needful,
And to give to the poor:
With a bottle of Canary
To ſip without ſin,
And to comfort my daughter
Whene'er ſhe lies in.
*The pleaſures of*, &c.

IV.

With a bed ſoft and eaſy
To reſt on at night,
With a maid in the morning
To riſe with the light:
To do her work neatly,
And obey my deſire,
To make the houſe clean,
And blow up the fire.
*The pleaſures of*, &c.

V.

With health and content,
And a good eaſy chair;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare:

Let me dwell near my cupboard,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glaſs eyes
To clap on my noſe.
*The pleaſures of*, &c.

VI.

And when I am dead,
With a ſigh let them ſay,
Our honeſt old cummer's
Now laid in the clay:
When young, ſhe was chearful,
No ſçold, nor no whore;
She aſſiſted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.
*Tho' the flower of her youth*
*In her age did decay,*
*Tho' her life like a vapour*
*Evaniſh'd away,*
*She liv'd well and happy*
*Unto her laſt day.*

## The Free Maſon's Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
We *brothers* that are
Aſſembled, on merry occaſion:
Let's drink, laugh, and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring;
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

II.

The world is in pain
Our ſecret to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on:

They ne'er can divine
The word, or the ſign,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

V.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt,
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:
By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VI.

All idle debate
About church or the ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon:
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation:
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on:
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IX.

We're true and ſincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will truſt us on every occaſion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a good face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon?

## The Sailor's Rant.

I.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

*Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches*
*Or any ſuch glittering toy?*
*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches*
*Goes through the world brave boy.*

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
*Then why ſhould*, &c.

III.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, that to politics are ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.

The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try:
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
*Then why ſhould*, &c.

## A Love-Song in the Modern Taſte,

By Dr. SWIFT.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions,
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks;
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre,
Sooth my ever-waking numbers,
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, ſmooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate;
See the birds of Juno ſtooping:
Melody reſigns to fate.

## SYLVIA and the Flaſk.

I.

I THANK thee, my friend,
That at length you declare,
Why Sylvia's ſo coy
As to ſhun me with care.
I mus'd every night,
And rack'd my poor ſoul,
To find out the cauſe
Of a falſhood ſo foul.

II.

But ſhe tells me ſhe cannot
With claret agree,
That ſhe thinks of a hogſhead
Whene'er ſhe ſees me:
That I ſmell like a beaſt,
And therefore that I
Muſt reſolve to forſake her,
Or claret, good claret deny.

III.

Ye gods! was e'er it known
That beaſts ſmell'd of wine?
They brutiſhly abhor
A liquor ſo divine:
'Tis when we are moſt beaſts,
When like them in common,
We eagerly go a-hunting
For the next lewd woman.

IV.

Muſt I leave my dear bottle,
That has been ever my friend,
Which prolongs all my joys,
To my grief puts an end?
Which inſpires me with wit,
And makes me ſo ſublime,
That there's none are like us
That drink the beſt wine?

V.

But Sylvia, whom nature
So perfect has made,
Has no room left for wiſhes,
New beauties to add.
Muſt I leave her, I'm ſorry,
It is too hard a taſk;
Yet ſhe may go to the devil,
Bring me the other flaſk.

## Love, Drink, and Debt.

I.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
Theſe many and many a year;
And theſe are plagues enough I ſhou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggled and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets;
And my miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I ſhall fall to my loving and drinking again.

## The Farmer's Son.

I.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving and do not ſlight
The proffer I make, for modeſty's ſake,
I honour your beauty bright;
For love I profeſs, I can do no leſs,
Thou haſt my favour won:
And ſince I ſee your modeſty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

II.

No; I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown in country and town,
Sir Roger without delay.
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,
Their loves will ſoon be won;
But don't ye dare to ſpeak me fair,
As tho' I were at my laſt pray'r,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

III.

My father has riches in ſtore,
Two hundred a-year and more,
Beſides ſheep and cows, carts, harrows, and plows,
His age is above threeſcore:
And when he gives way, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both land and kine, and all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's ſon.

IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffer'd love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done:
Farewel, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

V.

Be not in ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree:
For, man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt,
Come prithee ſit down by me;

For thou art the man that verily can
Perform what muſt be done,
Both ſtraight and tall, genteel withal;
Therefore I ſhall be at your call
To marry a farmer's ſon.

VI.

Dear Nelly, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleaſure in their wives
Like fellows that drive the plow.
For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do: I never knew
A London beau that cou'd outdo
A country farmer's ſon.

## The Angel Woman.

I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
With its graces and airs,
All bright as an *angel*
New dropt from the ſky;
At a diſtance I gaze,
And am aw'd by my fears!
So ſtrangely you dazzle mine eye!

II.

But when without art
Your thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes
Through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes,
When it pants from your heart,
Then I know you are a *woman* again.

III.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus (might I gratify both)
I would do,
Still an *angel* appear
To each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

## ROGER'S Courtſhip.

I.

YOUNG Roger came tapping
At Dolly's window,
*Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.*
He begg'd for admittance,
She anſwer'd him, No;
*Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.*
My Dolly, my dear,
Your true love is here,
*Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.*
No, no, Roger, no,
As you came you may go,
*Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.*

II.

Oh! what is the reaſon,
Dear Dolly? he cry'd:
*Humpaty*, &c.
That thus I am caſt off,
And unkindly deny'd?
*Trumpaty*, &c,
Some rival more dear
I gueſs has been here:
*Crumpaty*, &c.

Suppoſe there's been two, Sir,
Pray what's that to you, Sir?
*Numpaty*, &c.

III.

Oh! then with a ſad look
His farewel he took:
*Humpaty*, &c.
And all in deſpair
He leap'd into the brook:
*Plumpaty*, &c.
His courage he cool'd,
He found himſelf fool'd:
*Mumpaty*, &c.
He ſwam to the ſhore,
And ſaw Dolly no more:
*Rumpaty*, &c.

IV.

Oh! then ſhe recall'd,
And recall'd him again:
*Humpaty*, &c.
Whilſt he like a madman
Ran over the plain:
*Slumpaty*, &c.
Determin'd to find
A damſel more kind:
*Plumpaty*, &c.
While Dolly afraid
She muſt die an old maid:
*Mumpaty*, &c.

## Jump at a Cruſt.

I.

AS I am a friend,
Be willing to lend
An ear to theſe lines,
Which in pity I penn'd.
'Tis a cordial advice,
Girls, be not too nice,
Young lovers are now
At another gate price
Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain
Your ſcorn and diſdain.
If young men you ſlight,
They'll ſlight you again;
They'll make you run mad,
Sigh heavy and ſad;
There are not ſo many
Young men to be had
As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you ſuppoſe
Fine furbelow'd cloaths
Will ſerve for a portion:
But under the roſe,
If truth may be ſpoke,
'Tis but a mere joke,
For love without money
Will vaniſh like ſmoke,
Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country clown,
When he comes to town,
He values not miſs
With her *butterfly gown:*
I tell you it *won't do,*
There muſt be a *few*
Bright *glittering guineas,*
A thouſand or *two,*
Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wiſe,
A portion they prize,
They are done with the charms
Of your conquering eyes.
A portion! they cry,
If love you would buy;
In order to purchaſe,
You then muſt bid high,
Or live ſingle.

VI.

Once bachelors, they
Did ſigh, whine, and pray;
But ſtill were put off
With a ſcornful delay.
Down with your duſt,
A portion there muſt;
Poor girls wou'd be glad
To jump at a cruſt,
Cou'd ye get it.

## Merry Beggars.

*Firſt beggar.*

I ONCE was a poet at London,
I kept my heart ſtill full of glee;
There's no man can ſay that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Second beggar.*

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the poſt;
Give me a briſk wench and clean ſtraw,
And I value not who rules the roaſt.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Third beggar.*

Make room for a ſoldier in buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely ſold out.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Fourth beggar.*

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a place.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Fifth beggar.*

I ſtill am a merry gut-ſcraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And ſing any tune but a pſalm.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Sixth beggar.*

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:
But my hearers half-ſtarved their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I ſaid.
*Tol derol*, &c.

*Firſt beggar.*

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a barn?
*Tol derol*, &c.

CHORUS of all.

*Whoe'er would be merry*, &c.

## To Signora CUZZONI.

I.

LITTLE Syren of the ſtage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire;

II.

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart;
Oh too pleaſing is thy ſtrain!
Hence to ſouthern climes again.

III.

Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell,
To this iſland bid farewel:
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

## HAPPINESS.

Tune—*To all you ladies now at land.*

I.

MY deareſt maid, ſince you deſire
To know what I would wiſh,
What ſtore of health I would require,
To gain true happineſs;
This faithful inventory take
Of all that life can eaſy make.

II.

Here happy only are the few:
Who wiſh to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their ſmall income;
An income which ſhould ever be
The fruit of honeſt induſtry.

III.

A ſoul ſerene and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumſpect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wiſely can reflect,
Not eaſy to believe.
As to my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a ſtain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glaſs one would require
When merry tales are told:
The company of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some ſhelfs of books of the right kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Not intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow party-ſpite:
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true reliſh to delight,
A chaſte and chearful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life:
Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be
For all thoſe bleſſings lent.
O ſovereign power! but grant me this,
No more I'll aſk, no more I'll wiſh.

## Smirky NAN.

Tune—*Nannio.*

I.

AH! woe's me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan?
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming lovely milk-maid Nan.
I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſky Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
And all for thee, my ſmirky Nan.

II.

The alewife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky Nan.

III.

But Dick o' the Green, that naſty lown,
Laſt Sunday to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs; I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky Nan.
But hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles *tantara tarran,*
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums,
Woe's me I've loſt my ſmirky Nan!

## Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and ſpun,
Then the work is haſlens done;
But when woven, dreſs'd and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleating ſweetly as ye go
Thro' the winter's froſt and ſnow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be ha'f ſo uſeful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all obliged to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keeps us warm and hearty fou;
Leeſe me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:

No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Will defend the tarry woo.

V.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can only tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

## On HENRIETTA'S Recovery.

Tune—*My deary, if thou die.*

I.

IF Heaven, its bleſſings to augment,
Call Henny to the ſkies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that ſhe dies:
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give ſuch joy to me;
How great muſt then be my deſpair,
My Henny, an thou die?

II.

But now pale ſickneſs leaves her face,
And now my charmer ſmiles;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles:

The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and eaſe my cares,
Elſe I myſelf muſt die.

## HODGE of the Mill and buxome NELL.

I.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt apparel,
New hoſe and clouted ſhoon;
And he a-wooing came
To bonny buxome Nell,
Dear laſs, cries he, cou'dſt fancy me,
I like thee wondrous well.

II.

My horſes I have dreſs'd,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my beſt apparel:
And having come this way,
Let's ſit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell.
Dear laſs, cries he, cou'dſt fancy me,
I'ſe like thy perſon well.

III.

Young Roger, you're miſtaken,
The damſel then reply'd,
I'm not in ſuch a haſte
To be a ploughman's bride;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's ſon:
If it be ſo, ſays Hodge, I'll go;
Sweet miſtreſs, I have done.

IV.

Your horſes you have dreſs'd,
Good Hodge, I heard you ſay,
Put on your beſt apparel;
And being come this way,
Come ſit and chat a while.
*O no indeed, not I,*
*I'll neither wait, nor ſit, nor prate,*
*I've other fiſh to fry.*

V.

Go take your farmer's ſon,
With all my honeſt heart:
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plough and cart?
I need not tarry long,
I ſoon may gain a wife:
There's buxome Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

VI.

Pray what of buxome Joan?
Can't I pleaſe you as well?
For ſhe has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxome Nell;
And I have fifty ſhillings.
*The money made him ſmile:*
Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the ſpace of half an hour
This couple a bargain ſtruck,
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.

To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock-bands,
Then who but you and I?

## Buttery MAY.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is ſae jimp, ſae gamp, ſae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and ſae bonny:
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But ſhe was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
Tho' he were ne'er ſae noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnyneſs has been foreſeen
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when ſhe kirns her minny's kirn,
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny ſhe did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis criſh that gars your grunzie glitter.

*There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,*
*The laſs with the petticoat dances right well,*
*Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,*
*An ye dance ony mair, we'ſe tell meſs Johny.*
Sing, &c.

## The Wife Penitent.

*Sung by Mr.* GAY.

I.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade;
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind;
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſoft notes
My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
But why ſhould you your ſongs forbear?
Your mates delight your ſongs to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy ſtood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſound broke gently thro' the wood.
I feel a ſound my heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis Chloe's ſweeter tongue:
Hark! hark! what ſays my love?

IV.

How ſimple is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain?
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in women's eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd:
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t' other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew:
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain:
Then hadſt thou preſs'd my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
Thy lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek.
Much, much thy muſic I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd;
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah Chloe! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth ſtept forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden light'ned in her face,
Confuſed ſhe knew not what to ſay:
At laſt, in broken words ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day.

## Old DARBY.

*An advice to* CHLOE.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain;
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindneſs you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition the ſunſhine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropſical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to cover:
Then, what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?

'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of our bleſſings below.

V.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
No ſickneſs or time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

## The modern Marriage-queſtion.

I.

HAPPY the world in that bleſs'd age,
When beauty was not bought and ſold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirſt of baneful gold.
*With the mean thirſt*, &c.

II.

Then the kind ſhepherd when he ſigh'd,
The ſwain, whoſe dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous vow by ſtealth.
*To breathe*, &c.

III.

Now the firſt queſtion fathers aſk,
When for their girls fond lovers ſue,
Is,—*What's the ſettlement you'll make?*
You're poor!—*he flings the door at you.*
*You're poor*, &c.

## The Country-wake.

I.

I'LL ſing you a dittay, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of tranſactions in court, and in country too,
Toilſome pleaſure, and pleaſing toil:
Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
To ſome 'twill give joy,
And ſome others annoy:
All's fair at a country-wake.
*All's fair*, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are ſtyl'd unpolite,
Becauſe truly virtuous and prone to no ill;
Whilſt others, who ſparkle in diamonds bright,
Are ſtript of their pride at baſſet or quadrille,
Till their loſſes at play do their lord's credit ſhake:
Then, their toys to recover,
They'll grant the laſt favour;
Strange news at a country-wake.
*Strange news*, &c.

III.

Here moſt of our gentlemen patriots are,
Tho' very bad ſtateſmen, I freely confeſs,
They deſign harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
The farmer's induſtry does earth fertile make;
The huſbandman's plowing,
His planting and ſowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.
*Gets health*, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without waſhes and paints,
From neighbouring villages hither reſort,
They kiſs ſweet as roſes, yet virtuous as ſaints;
(Who can ſay more for the ladies at court?)

No worldly cares vex them aſleep or awake,
But their time they impröve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth at a country-wake.
*And innocent*, &c.

V.

The ſchemes of a courtier are full of intrigues:
Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we deſpiſe,
Set rural contentment 'gainſt courtly fatigue,
Who chuſes the former is happy and wiſe:
Now let's pray for the king, and, for Britain's ſake,
From all factions free,
May his ſubjects agree,
As well at the court as the country-wake.
*As well*, &c.

## Oaths in Faſhion.

CUSTOM prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the great,
Makes oaths eaſy potions to ſleep on;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one.
For an oath's ſeldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
A lawyer to truth, or a ſtateſman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

## The terrible Law.

I.

THE terrible law when it faſtens its paw
On a poor man, it grips till he's undone;
And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,
Tho' rich as the lord mayor of London.

II.

Therefore I'll be wary what meſſage I carry,
Unleſs we firſt make a ſure zure bargain;
I will be dempnified, thoroughly ſatisfied,
That ch'an ſhan't zuffer a varding.

## The Play of Love.

*Firſt Act.*

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on;
Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careleſs air,
And ſmiles to find him in love's ſnare.

*Second Act.*

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for his pain,
Which ſhe evades with ſome pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a man of ſenſe.

*Third Act.*

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up whene'er ſhe ſpeaks;
But with feign'd ſlights ſhe put him by,
And faintly cries ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her heart the lie.

*Fourth Act.*

Now the plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other fair he'd try;
At which ſhe ſwells with ſpleen and fear,
Leſt ſome more wiſe his love ſhould ſhare.
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

*Fifth Act.*

The laſt act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
She does no more his paſſion ſhun,
He ſtraight into her arms does run:
The curtain falls, the play is done.

## FANNY fair.

I.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
The cauſe of all my wo!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She ſcarcely ſeems to know:
Unſkill'd in the art of womankind,
Without deſign ſhe charms;
How can thoſe ſparkling eyes be blind,
Which every boſom warms?

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe:
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt;

Th' enchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurpriſe,
Prepare me for my doom;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

## The Bottle preferr'd.

I.

PROUD woman, I ſcorn you,
Briſk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night.

II.

As great as a monarch,
The moments I paſs,
The bottle's my globe,
And my ſceptre's the glaſs.

III.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,
The drawer's my ſubject,
And drinking's my ſport.

IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,
Here's a miſtreſs ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all ſorrows,
And life of all bliſs:
I'm a king when I hug you,
But more when I kiſs.

## Tippling JOHN.

I.

AS tippling John was jogging on,
Upon a riot-night,
With tottering pace, and fiery face,
Suſpicious of high flight;
The guards, who took him, by his look,
For ſome chief fiery-brand,
Aſk'd, whence he came? what was his name?
Who are you? Stand, friend, ſtand.

II.

I'm going home, from meeting come:
Ay, ſays one, that's the caſe;
Some meeting he has burnt, you ſee
The flame's ſtill in his face.
John thought it time to purge his crime,
And ſaid, my chief intent
Was to aſſwage my thirſty rage,
I' th' meeting that I meant.

III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you high church or low?
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
To end debates and ſtrife,
All I can ſay, this is the way
I ſteer my courſe of life.

IV.

I ne'er to Bow nor Burgeſs go,
To ſteeple-houſe nor hall,
The briſk bar-bell beſt ſuits my zeal
With gentlemen, d'ye call?

Gueſs then, am I low church or high,
From that tow'r, or no ſteeple,
Whoſe merry toll exalts the ſoul,
And muſt make high-flown people.

v.

The guards came on, and look'd at John,
With countenance moſt pleaſant,
By whiſper round they all ſoon found
He was no damag'd peaſant.
Thus while John ſtood the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their deciſion;
Damn him, ſays one, let him begone,
He's of our own religion.

## BELINDA.

I.

WOULD fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live,
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliſs deſire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
Amongſt the race of human kind,
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, though I die.

III.

Let my Belinda fill my arms
With all her beauty, all her charms;
With ſcorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

## Beauty and Rigour.

I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a wonder by nature deſign'd;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cauſe of a flame that never can die.
*And the cauſe*, &c.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful bluſh, and the ſmell of the roſe:
Love and deſtiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown ſhe can kill.
*She wounds*, &c.

III.

The deſperate lover can hope no redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in exceſs;
In Silvia they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, who loves her muſt die.
*Who ſees her*, &c.

## The Rival.

I.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curſt,
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A *rival* is the worſt.
By partners in another kind
Afflictions eaſier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our wo.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you ſee
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt.
Howe'er ſevere your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope,
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

## Hunting Song, going out.

I.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn;
To the hills and the woodlands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

*All the day long,*
*This, this is our ſong,*
*Still hallooing,*
*And following,*
*So frolic and free;*
*Our joys know no bounds,*
*While we're after the hounds,*
*No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.*

II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo hillo;
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our ſhouts they reſound to the ſkies.
*All the day*, &c.

III.

When we ſweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountains ſublime,
What a joy from our labour do we feel!
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
*All the day*, &c.

## The Return from the Chace.

I.

THE ſweet roſy morn peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning the meadows and fields ;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
Awake from your ſlumbers, and hail the new day.
*The merry*, &c.

II.

The ſtag rous'd before us, away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
Then follow, follow, follow the muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigorous health we embrace.
*Then follow*, &c.

III.

The day's ſport when over makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover freſh charms for the night;
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our ſports crown the day.
*Then let us*, &c.

## The Girl that's blythe and gay.

Tune—*Black Jock.*

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their ſoft eyes and faces ſo bright;
Give me a girl that's blythe and gay,
As warm as June and as ſweet as May,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then cou'd be
So happy and ſo bleſs'd as we!
On whom the ſweeteſt joys would ſmile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entranc'd in bliſs each rapt'rous night.

## Cynthia's Perplexity.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over;
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her lover;
Thus in doubting ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

II.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late, deſire will find you
When the power muſt forſake you.
Think upon the ſad condition
To be paſs'd, yet wiſh fruition.

## Nought but Love.

I.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern clouds were lin'd with gold,
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the ſilence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love!

II.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the bare rock, or oozy beach;
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape, or bluſhing peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, nor gardens fair,
A maiden's venal heart to gain:
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
For I, alas! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk not vows of ſacred truth,
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

V.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what treaſure can ſuffice?
Not all their ſhine can ever boaſt
The living luſtre of her eyes:

For theſe the world too cheap would prove;
But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI.

O Silvia! ſince nor gems, nor ore,
Can with your brighter gems compare,
Conſider that I offer more,
More ſeldom found, a ſoul ſincere:
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love.

## Tell me, my Heart.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can bear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph in my pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## CUPID miſtaken.

I.

AS afternoon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
The too well-guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel! cou'dſt thou find none other
To wreak thy ſpleen on? parricide,
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother!
Poor Cupid, ſobbing, ſcarce cou'd ſpeak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy the miſtake,
I took you for your likeneſs Chloe.

## SYLVIA to ALEXIS.

I.

ALEXIS, how artleſs a lover!
How baſhful and ſilly you grow!
In my eyes can you never diſcover
I mean Yes, when I often ſay No!
*I mean*, &c.

II.

When you pine and you whine out your paſſion,
And only intreat for a kiſs;
To be coy and deny is the faſhion,
Alexis ſhould raviſh the bliſs.
*Alexis ſhould*, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reaſon
To make ſome defence for the town:
To ſurrender without it, were treaſon,
Before that the outworks were won.
*Before that*, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my bluſhes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modeſty's ſake;
He is but a pitiful lover
Who is foil'd by a ſingle attack.
*Who is*, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The beſt and the braveſt muſt yield;
I am not to be won by a coward,
Who hardly dares enter the field.
*Who hardly*, &c.

## The ſerious Lover.

I.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you have won,
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Jenny, I'm undone.
You ſay, I'm fickle, and apt to change,
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye;
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.
Then take and try me, you ſhall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

## The grateful Admirers.

FALSE tho' ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
But tho' the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.
*I'm grateful*, &c.

## CELIA and SABINA.

I.

THIRSIS, a young and am'rous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair;
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air,
With ſofter muſic drew.

II.

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

III.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes that love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free.
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or, with a true love-knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah Celia! ſly Sabina cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! ſays Celia, ſay no more;
That ſpite which broke his chains before,
Wou'd break the other's heart.

## The fair Warning.

YOUNG *virgins* love pleaſure,
As *miſers* do treaſure;
And both alike ſtudy
To heighten the meaſure;
Their hearts they will rifle
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a ſong;
But ſoon as they marry,
And find things miſcarry;
Oh! how they ſigh
That they were not more wary.
Inſtead of ſoft wooing,
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag ſorrow along.

## Petticoat Wooing.

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm bluſhes,
How can I ſpeak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wiſhes:
Why can't you the meaning explain?

II.

My paſſion wou'd loſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of ſpeaking,
How can you expect it from me?
Our wiſhes ſhou'd be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine?
I need not tell over and over
What I in my boſom confine.

## COLIN'S Reply.

I.

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a ſhilling
For one that does love without rule.

II.

At leaſt ye ſhou'd wait for our offers,
Nor ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
Had you liv'd to theſe years without proffers,
Your ſighs were all ſpent in the air.

III.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs by your bluſhing,
And not tell the matter ſo plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and puſhing,
And yours to affect a diſdain.

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I ſee;
The fruit that can fall without ſhaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

## The Country-laſs's Ambition.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country laſs?
I read it plainly in my glaſs,
That for a ducheſs I might paſs;
Oh! could I ſee the day!
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With ſmart toupees and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'll turn up my noſe,
Oh! could I ſee the day!
I'll dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Shall make ſome duke, or lord, my prize;
And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

III.

Oh! then for every new delight,
For equipage and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays all night:
Oh! could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

## The following Song is ſaid to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady MARY Queen of SCOTS.

I.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye are but officers of the ſkies;
What are you when the moon doth riſe?

II.

You violets that firſt appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking poſſeſſion of the year,
As if the ſpring were all your own;
What are ye when the roſe is blown?

III.

You charming birds, that in the woods
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your paſſion underſtood
In ſofteſt notes; what is your praiſe,
When Philomel her voice does raiſe,

IV.

You glancing jewels of the eaſt,
Whoſe eſtimation fancies raiſe,
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, and the reſt
Of glittering gems; what is your praiſe,
When the bright diamond ſhews his rays?

V.

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and ſmell,
What are ye if my MARY ſhine?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, luſtre, ſcent, and muſic tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my miſtreſs you have ſeen
In beauties of her face and mind,
Firſt, by deſcent, ſhe is a *Queen;*
Judge then if ſhe be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

VII.

There roſe and lily, the hale ſpring,
Unto her breath for ſweetneſs ſpeed;
The diamond darkens in the ring:
When ſhe appears, the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

## There Gowans are gay.

I.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,
There gowans are gay;
They gar me wake when I ſhou'd ſleep,
The firſt morning of May.

II.

About the fields as I did paſs,
There gowans are gay;
I chanc'd to meet a proper laſs,
The first morning of May.

III.

Right buſy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay;
I haſs'd her, ſyne to her I ſaid,
The firſt morning of May:

IV.

O lady fair, what do you here?
There gowans are gay;
Gathering the dew, what need ye ſpeir?
The firſt morning of May.

V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
There gowans are gay;
Quoth ſhe, to waſh my miſtreſs clean,
The firſt morning of May.

VI.

I aſked farther at her ſyne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will ſhe wad incline?
The firſt morning of May.

VII.

She ſaid, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay;
Her maidenhead on me to ware,
The firſt morning of May.

VIII.

Then, like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay;
She ſkift away out o'er the know,
The firſt morning of May;

IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay;
And in my heart a twang of pain,
The firſt morning of May.

X.

The little birds they ſang full ſweet,
There gowans are gay;
Unto my comfort was right meet,
The firſt morning of May.

XI.

And thereabout I paſt my time,
There gowans are gay;
Until it was the hour of prime,
The firſt morning of May;

XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,
There gowans are gay;
Panſand what maiden that had been,
The firſt morning of May.

## Slighted Love is fair to bide.

I.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartleſs gae;
I had a mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a friend that's now become my fae;
I had a will that now has freedom loſt:
What have I now?
Naething I trow,
But grief where I had joy:
What am I than?
A heartleſs man:
Could love me thus deſtroy!
I love, I ſerve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love diſdain is my reward.

II.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary face?
Where ſhall I find a place for my defence?
Where my true-love remains the fitteſt place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.
She is my heart
Till I depart:
Let her do what ſhe liſt,
I cannot mend,
But ſtill depend,
And daily to inſiſt,
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve:
If not for love, let love my body ſtarve.

III.

O lady fair! whom I do honour moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have;
Let not my love and labour thus be loſt,
But ſtill in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And fall not rue
Ane word that I have ſaid:
I am your man,
Do what you can,
When all theſe plays are play'd.
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

## The Invitation.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder ſpring,
Where we may hear the blackbird ſing,
The robin-red-breaſt and the thruſh,
And nightingale in thorny buſh,

The mavis ſweetly carroling;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
Comes ſkipping thro' the park amain,
And in this grove ſhe means to ſtay,
At barley-breaks to ſport and play;
Where we may ſit us down and ſee
Fair beauty mix'd, fair beauty mix'd
With chaſtity.

III.

In yonder dale are fineſt flowers,
With mony pleaſant ſhady bowers,
A purling brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams
Are beautified with Phœbus' beams;
Which ſteal out thro' the trees for fear,
Becauſe Diana, becauſe Diana
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye ſee,
This way to ſport, and here to be
Delyting in this caler ſpring,
Only to bathe herſelf therein,
Until Acteon her eſpy'd;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did ſhe glyde.

V.

And there by magic art ſhe wrought,
And in heart ſhe thus bethought,
With ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
And he a hart was turn'd to be;
Becauſe he follow'd Diana's train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

## Caſt away Care.

I.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no reſtoir;
But I will ſing hey down a dee,
And caſt doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have, the more I fret;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have I think I'm poor:
Thus grief and care my mind oppreſs,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redreſs;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has coſt me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this warld a ſlidd'ry ball?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall?
Does not the ſea baith ebb and flow?
And fortune's but a painted ſhow;
Why ſhou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by theſe comes no relief?
Some careful ſaw what careleſs reap,
And waſters ware what niggards ſcrape.

IV.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyſelf,
And care not for this warldly pelf:
Whether thy 'ſtate be great or ſmall,
Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,

Sae ſall thou than ay live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhall thee diſpleaſe;
Then mayſt thou ſing, Hey down a dee,
When thou haſt caſt ilk care frae thee.

## The faireſt of her Days.

I.

WHOE'ER beholds my Helen's face,
And ſays not that good hap has ſhe;
Who hears her ſpeak, and tents her grace,
Sall think nane ever ſpake but ſhe.
*The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,*
*She is the faireſt of her days.*

II.

Who knows her wit and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of ſkill:
Her virtues kindle ſtrong deſires
In them that think upon her ſtill.
*The ſhort way*, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the roſe
Whaſe buds are op'ning to the ſun,
Her comely colours to diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
*The ſhort way*, &c.

IV.

And with the red is mix'd the white,
Like to the ſun or fair moon-ſhine,
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour ſeem divine.
*The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,*
*She is the faireſt of her days.*

*N. B.*—The ſix foregoing ſongs I took out of a very old MSS. collection, wrote by a gentleman in Aberdeen.

## Lord HENRY and KATHARINE.

I.

IN ancient times, in Britain's iſle,
Lord Henry well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd renown;
His thoughts on honour always run,
He ne'er cou'd bow to love,
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

II.

Amongſt the nymphs where Kath'rine came,
The faireſt face ſhe ſhows,
She was as bright as morning-ſun,
And ſweeter than a roſe:
Although ſhe was of mean degree,
She daily conqueſts gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
Eſcap'd her powerful chains.

III.

But ſoon her eyes their luſtre loſt,
Her cheek grew pale and wan,
A pining ſeiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain:
The ſickneſs was to all unknown
That did the fair one waſte,
Her time in ſighs and floods of tears,
And broken ſlumbers paſt.

IV.

Once in a dream ſhe cry'd aloud,
Oh Henry, I'm undone!
Oh cruel fate! oh wretched maid!
Thy love muſt ne'er be known!

Such is the fate of womankind,
They muſt the truth conceal,
I'll die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Ere I my love reveal.

V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To Henry hy'd away.
My Lord, ſays ſhe, we've found the cauſe
Of Kath'rine's quick decay:
She in a dream the ſecret told,
Till now no mortal knew:
Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
And dies for love of you!

VI.

The gen'rous Henry's ſoul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame,
Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame.
Ah Kath'rine! too too modeſt maid,
Thy love I never knew,
I'll eaſe your pain: and ſwift as wind
To her bedſide he flew.

VII.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
Awake! awake! my dear;
If I had only gueſs'd your love,
You ne'er had ſhed a tear:
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to ſave thee from deſpair,
And take thee to my arms.

VIII.

Theſe words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She ſtarted from the bed.

Around his neck her arms ſhe flung,
In ecſtaſy, and cried,
Will you be kind? Will you indeed?
My love!—and ſo ſhe died.

## The Milking-pail.

I.

YE nymphs and ſilvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When ſpring newly born herſelf does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds:
Come ſing in the praiſe, while flocks do graze
On yonder pleaſant vale,
Of thoſe that choſe to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted ſhoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddeſs of the morn,
With bluſhes you adorn,
And take the freſh air, whilſt linnets prepare
A concert on each green thorn:
The blackbird and thruſh, on every buſh,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do ſtrain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will ſpring no more,
The fields that were ſeen ſo pleaſant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.

See how the town-laſs looks with her white face,
And her lips ſo deadly pale?
But it is not ſo with thoſe that go,
Thro' froſt and ſnow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miſs of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With waſhes and paint her ſkin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old:
While ſhe of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cuſhions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in ruſhy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, ſweet and ſound,
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

V.

You girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame,
In practiſing feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame:
If men were ſo wiſe to value the prize
Of wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of beaux would daub their cloaths,
To ſave a noſe, by following of thoſe
Who carry the milking-pail?

VI.

The country-lad is free
From fears and jealouſie,
Whilſt upon the green he is often ſeen
With his laſs upon his knee;
With kiſſes moſt ſweet he doth her ſo treat,
And ſwears ſhe'll never grow ſtale:
But the London-laſs, in every place,
With brazen face deſpiſes the grace
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

## PHILLIS, deſpiſe not.

I.

PHILLIS, deſpiſe not your faithful lover,
Play not the tyrant, becauſe you are fair;
Beauty will fade, my charming maid,
Juſt as the lily, my beautiful Philly,
Ceaſe to prove coy, ſmile on the boy,
Grant him the bleſſing he longs to enjoy.

II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my Philly:
Who can behold her, and not be enſlav'd?
Angel divine! wert thou but mine;
Pity my ſtory, I laugh at all glory,
Here I proteſt, on thy dear breaſt,
With thee in a cottage I'd think myſelf bleſt.

## Drink while ye can.

I.

LET's drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments as they paſs
This ſilent admonition give,
T' improve our time, and puſh the glaſs.

II.

When once we've ent'red Charon's boat,
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
There's not a drop to weet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

## Meddlers out of Seaſon.

I.

COME, lads, ne'er plague your heads
With what is done in Spain,
But leave to them
Who are ſupreme,
To ſettle peace again:
Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
Pays no nation's debt;
'Tis time muſt clear it,
Juſt like claret,
When it is on the fret.

II.

Each one ſhould mind his own,
Not buſineſs of the ſtate,
This all we get,
By meddling yet,
More troubles to create.
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
But diſturb the town;
Such men of mettle,
In a kettle,
Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the dangers knew
Of thoſe that wear a crown,
You'd ſcarce envy
A ſtate ſo high,
But wiſely uſe your own:
Unſteady, giddy, buſy, dizzy,
With the dazzling height;
Yet daily ſtooping,
Almoſt drooping
Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low ſwains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command,
With crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and ſheep:
Their leiſure, pleaſure, ſporting, courting,
None but time deceive;
Whilſt Armaryllis,
Jug and Phyllis,
Flow'ry garlands weave.

## Complaint on Scorn.

I.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face,
I can behold with love?
To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind:
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle uſage find.

II.

But O! how faint is every joy,
Where nature has no part?
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.
So reſtleſs exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

## Love or Wine.

I.

IF Phillis denies me relief,
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in wine;
Tho' ſhe laughs at my am'rous grief,
At my mirth why ſhou'd ſhe repine?
*At my mirth*, &c.

II.

The ſparkling Champaign ſhall remove
All the cares my dull grief has in ſtore:
My reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
And by drinking what can I do more?
*And by drinking*, &c.

III.

Wou'd Phillis but pity my pain,
Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
The juice of the grape I'd diſdain,
And be drunk with nothing but love.
*And be drunk*, &c.

## Twenty-one favourite SONGS in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

### SONG I.

Tune—*An old woman cloathed in grey*, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuſes his brother:
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife,
All profeſſions berogue one another;

The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

## SONG II.

Tune—*The bonny grey-ey'd morn*, &c.

'TIS woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat, when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts:
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practiſe every fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

## SONG III.

Tune—*Why is your faithful ſlave diſdain'd?* &c.

IF love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life
She's what I dare not name.

## SONG IV.

Tune—*Of all the ſimple things we do*, &c.

A MAID is like a golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe worth is never known, before
It is try'd, and impreſs'd in the mint.

A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stampt with the name of her ſpouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is ſold;
And is current in every houſe.

## SONG V.

Tune—*What ſhall I do to ſhow how much I love her.*

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis ſent, (as yet ſweet),
There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

## SONG VI.

Tune—*O London is a fine town.*

OUR Polly is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both hoods and gowns,
And hoops to ſwell her pride,
With ſcarfs and ſtays, and gloves and lace;
And ſhe will have men beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſs'd with care and coſt,
All tempting, fine, and gay,
As men ſhou'd ſerve a cucumber,
She flings herſelf away.
*Our Polly is a ſad ſlut*, &c.

## SONG VII.

Tune—*Grim king of the ghoſts*, &c.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kiſs'd me, ſo cloſely he preſt,
'Twas ſo ſweet that I muſt have comply'd:
So I thought it both ſafeſt and beſt,
To marry for fear you ſhould chide.

## SONG VIII.

Tune—*A ſoldier and a ſailor.*

A FOX may ſteal your hens, Sir,
A whore your health and pence, Sir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, Sir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, Sir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With reſt, pence, cheſt, and chicken:
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

## SONG IX.

Tune—*Over the hills and far away.*

WERE I laid on Greenland's coaſt,
And in my arms embrace my laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half-year's night would paſs.

Were I ſold on Indian ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.
And I would love you all the day,
Every night wou'd kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray,
Over the hills and far away.

## SONG X.

Tune—*O the broom*, &c.

THE miſer thus a ſhilling ſees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for ay.
The boy, thus, when his ſparrow's flown,
The bird in ſilence eyes;
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

## SONG XI.

Tune—*Cotillon.*

YOUTH'S the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower deſpiſed in decay,
Youth's the ſeaſon, *&c.*

Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow,
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
*Chorus.* Let us drink, *&c.*

## SONG XII.

Tune—*When once I lay with another man's wife.*

THE gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gypſies, if once they can finger a ſouſe,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger.

## SONG XIII.

Tune—*Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm*, &c.

MAN may eſcape from rope or gun,
Nay, ſome have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.
The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

## SONG XIV.

Tune—*The ſun had loos'd his weary teams*, &c.

THE firſt time at the looking-glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With ſelf-love ever after.
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger:
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
Can ſee you are not younger.

## SONG XV.

Tune—*How happy are we*, &c.

WHEN you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be:
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

## SONG XVI.

Tune—*London ladies.*

IF you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent;
That reaſon with all is prevailing.

## SONG XVII.

Tune—*Packinton's pound.*

THUS gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Tho' they know that their induſtry all is a cheat,
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit;
But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap:
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

## SONG XVIII.

Tune—*Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend.
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

## SONG XIX.

Tune—*Down in the north country*, &c.

WHAT gudgeons are we men!
Every woman's eaſy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, agen
We bite and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

## SONG XX.

Tune—*A cobler there was*, &c.

OURSELVES, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When matters require it, muſt give up our gang:
And good reaſon why,
Or inſtead of the fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I,
Like poor petty raſcals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty raſcals, might hang,

## SONG XXI.

Tune—*Green Sleeves.*

SINCE laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the ſting,
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land, ſuch numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn tree!

## ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

I.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth, was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe butt and ben;
And well ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But wae's my heart my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the neiſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toaſted brown;
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleaneſt drinker out
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.

I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

## Sailors' Song.

HOW happy are we,
Now the wind is abaft;
And the boſſon he pipes,
Hawl both your ſheets aft.
Steady, ſteady, ſays the maſter,
It blows a freſh gale;
We'll ſoon reach our port, boys,
If the wind does not fail.
Then drink about, Tom,
Altho' the ſhip roll:
Then drink about, Tom,
Altho' the ſhip roll:
We'll ſave our rich liquor,
*We'll ſave*, &c.
By ſlinging our bowl.

## A hundred Years hence.

I.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret, canary, theorboe, and voice;
The changeable world to our joys is unjuſt,
And all pleaſure's ended when we are in duſt.
In mirth let us ſpend our ſpare hours and our pence,
For we ſhall be paſt it a hundred years hence.

II.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of ſtate,
That mouſe-trap of honour, and may-game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,
He muſt die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx:
His plot againſt death's but a ſlender pretence,
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence!

III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as ſhe treads on the ground;
Her glittering dreſs does caſt ſuch a ſplendor,
As if none were fit but the ſtars to attend her;
Altho' ſhe is pleaſant, and ſweet to the ſenſe,
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV.

The right-hearted ſoldier, who's a ſtranger to fear,
Calls up all his ſpirits when danger is near;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And hardily thinks it will ever remain;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flouriſh his ſtandard a hundred years hence.

V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to graſp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and buſtles like a bee in the ſpring,
Yet knows not what harveſt the autumn will bring:
Tho' fortune's great queen ſhould load him with pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundred years hence.

VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools' wrangling ſtrife,
Can ſpin out a ſuit to the end of a life;
A ſuit which the client does wear out in ſlavery,
Whilſt the pleader makes conſcience a cloak for his knavery;

Tho' he boaſts of his cunning, and brags of his ſenſe,
He'll be *non eſt inventus* a hundred years hence.

VII.

The pluſh-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;
He builds up fair ſtructures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piſs-pot, and the ruins of health:
By the treaſures of health he pretends to diſpenſe,
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

VIII.

The meagre-chopp'd uſurer, who in hundreds gets twenty,
But ſtarves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty;
Lays up for a ſeaſon he never will ſee,
The year of one thouſand eight hundred and three:
He muſt change all his houſes, his lands, and his rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretenſions
To knowledge ſuperior, and heavenly manſions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his bleſſing be receiv'd as a favour,
Tho' he talks of the ſpirit, and bewilders our ſenſe,
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years hence.

X.

The poet himſelf, who ſo loftily ſings,
And ſcorns any ſubject but heroes or kings,
Muſt to the capricio of fortune ſubmit;
Which will make a fool of him in ſpite of his wit:
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and ſenſe,
Muſt all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

XI.

Why ſhould we turmoil then in cares, and in fears,
By converting our joys into ſighs and to tears?
Since pleaſures abound, let us ever be taſting,
And to drive away ſorrow while vigour is laſting,
We'll kiſs the briſk damſels, that we may from thence
Have brats to ſucceed us a hundred years hence.

XII.

The true-hearted maſon, who acts on the ſquare,
And lives within compaſs by rules that are fair;
Whilſt honour and conſcience approve all his deeds,
As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,
With friendſhip and love, diſcretion, and ſenſe,
Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

## JOHNY FAA, the Gypſie Laddie.

I.

THE gypſies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they ſang ſweetly;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

II.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
And a' her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd face,
They cooſt the glamer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

IV.

Yeſtreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beſide me:
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, ſays Johny Faa,
O come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I ſwear, by the hilt of my ſword,
That your lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
That my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VII.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our lord came hame at een,
And ſpeir'd for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypſie laddie.

IX.

Gae ſaddle to me the black black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

## Old CHIRON.

I.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates' will is:
You, my boy, muſt go
(The gods will have it ſo)
To the ſiege of Troy;
Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before thoſe walls to be ſlain.

II.

Let not your noble courage be caſt down,
But all the while you ly before the town,
Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian ferry.

## Bottle and Friend.

I.

SUM up all the delights
This world does produce,
The darling allurements
Now chiefly in uſe,

You'll find if compar'd,
There's none can contend
With the ſolid enjoyments
Of a bottle and friend.

II.

For honour, for wealth,
For beauty may waſte;
Theſe joys often fade,
And rarely do laſt;
They're ſo hard to attain,
And ſo eaſily loſt,
That the pleaſure ne'er anſwers
The trouble and coſt.

III.

None but wine and true friendſhip
Are laſting and ſure,
From jealouſy free,
And from envy ſecure;
Then fill all the glaſſes
Until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine
Are the charms we adore.

## Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune—*Yellow-hair'd laddie.*

I.

ON Whitſunday morning
I went to the fair,
My yellow-hair'd laddie
Was ſelling his ware;

He gied me ſick a blyth blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink
It was unto me.

II.

I wiſt not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee ſtarnies
Flew ay frae my een;
And the ſweat it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

III.

I wiſt not what ail'd me,
When I went to my bed,
I toſſed and tumbled,
And ſleep frae me fled.
Now its ſleeping and waking
He is ay in my eye;
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## ROGER and DOLLY.

AS Dolly was milking of the cows,
Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,
And made unto her moſt delicate bows,
And then he went tripping it back again;
My pretty ſweet Roger, come back again;
My pretty ſweet Roger, come back again;
For it is your company that I do lack,
Or elſe my poor heart will burſt in twain.

I winna come back, nor I canna come back;
I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:
And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
You may lack it until the day you die.
Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,
And many a bottle of good March beer?
When you was going along with your team?
And then it was Dolly my own ſweet dear.
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

## The Invocation.

I.

YE powers that o'er mankind preſide,
And pity human woes,
My ſteps to ſome retirement guide,
That no diſturbance knows.
*Ye powers*, &c.

II.

There let my ſoul forget her pain,
Reſtor'd to bliſsful peace again;
Nor e'er reſign the calm retreat,
To feel the ſorrows of the great,
*To feel the ſorrows of the great.*

## The Virgin's Choice.

I.

VIRGINS, if e'er at laſt it prove
My deſtiny to be in love,
Pray wiſh me this good fate:
May wit and prudence be my guide,
And may a little decent pride
My actions regulate.

II.

If e'er I an amour commence,
May it be with a man of ſenſe,
And learn'd education;
May all courtſhip eaſy be,
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wiſely ſhew his paſſion.

III.

May his eſtate be like to mine,
That nothing look like a deſign
To bring us into ſorrow.
Grant me but this that I have ſaid,
And willingly I'll live a maid
No longer than to-morrow.

## Still he's the Man.

I.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill, he's the man.
They tell me at once, he to twenty will ſwear:
When vows are ſo ſweet, who the falſhood can fear?
So when you have ſaid all you can,
Still,—ſtill, he's the man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still,—ſtill he's the man.

III.

All the world bids me beware of his art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man!
So ſweet are his kiſſes, his looks are ſo kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can,
He,—ſtill is the man.

## An Old Catch.

NOW God be wi' old Symon,
For he made cans to many a one,
And a good old man was he;
And Jenkin was his journeyman,
And he cou'd *tipple off ev'ry can;*
And thus *he ſaid to me:*
To whom drink you, Sir Knave?
Turn the timber like the lave;
Ho! jolly Jenkin,
I ſpy a knave in drinking;
Come, troll the bowl to me.

## The Cobler's Merits.

Tune—*Charming* SALLY.

OF all the trades from eaſt to weſt,
The cobler's paſt contending,
Is like in time to prove the beſt,
Which every day is mending.

How great his praiſe who can amend
The ſoals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his laſt he labours!

## The Cobler's Happiness.

Tune—*Come, let us compare.*

I.

LET matters of ſtate
Diſquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can ſtrap, if ſhe vex him.

II.

He's out of the pow'r
Of Fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be ſhe has thruſt him;
From duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

## The honourable Support.

Tune—*The milking-pail.*

I HATE the coward tribes,
Who, by mean ſneaking bribes,
By tricks and diſguiſe,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur riſe.
Like heroes of old,
Be ſtill greatly bold;

Let the ſword your cauſe ſupport;
Never learn to fawn,
And never be drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the ſpawn
Who practice the frauds of courts.

## Self, the prime Mover.

Tune—*Hunt the ſquirrel.*

THE world is always jarring,
This is purſuing
T' other man's ruin;
Friends with friends are warring
In a falſe cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murders reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning heat,
Each returning hate
Wounds and robs his friends
In civil life;
Even man and wife
Squabble for ſelfiſh ends.

## The ſpotleſs Virgin.

Tune—*My deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen ſnow appears
The ſpotleſs virgin's fame,
Unſully'd white her boſom bears
As fair her form and fame;

But when ſhe's ſoil'd, her luſtre greets
The admiring eye no more;
She ſinks to mud, defiles the ſtreets,
And ſwells the common ſhore.

## The Worth of Wine.

Tune—*Let's be jovial.*

I.

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd withoutten books:
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſogers fiercer looks.
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſhood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.

III.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things;
When rais'd by Bacchus we aſpire
At flights, above the reach of kings.
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.

IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts gone round.
*With a fa, la, la, la,* &c.

## Woman compared to China.

Tune—*Pinks and Lillies.*

I.

A Woman's ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat;
*When broke*, &c.

II.

A woman at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But ſtay till loſt her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.
*She'll be cheap*, &c.

## Slow Men of London.

I.

THERE were three lads in our town,
Slow men of London;
They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
Yet they left her undone.

II.

They often taſted the widow's chear,
Slow men of London;
Yet the widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

III.

They went to wörk without their tools,
Slow men of London;
The widow ſhe ſent them away like fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

IV.

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,
Slow men of London;
They never ſhall woo this widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

## Follow your Leader.

*To the foregoing tune.*

THE manners of the great affect;
Stint not your pleaſure:
If conſcience had their genius checkt,
How got they treaſure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careleſs who is undone;
Morals and honeſty leave the poor,
As they do at London.

## The Pimp and Politician Parallels.

Tune—*'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town.*

IN pimps and politicians
The genius is the ſame:
Both raiſe their own conditions
On others guilt and ſhame;
With a tongue well tipt with lies
Each the want of parts ſupplies;
And with a heart that's all diſguiſe
Keeps his ſchemes unknown.
Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempter's part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt miſchief in their heart.

Each a ſecret commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

## PHILANDER and AMORET.

I.

WHEN gay Philander fell a prize
To Amoreta's conquering eyes,
He took his pipe, he fought the plain;
Regardleſs of his growing pain;
And reſolutely bent to wreſt
The bearded arrow from his breaſt.

II.

Come, gentle gales, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his bow defy'd;
But as gales obſequious flew,
With flow'ry ſcents and ſpicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
*The breath of Amoret is ſweet.*

III.

His pipe again the ſhepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd;
Their ſounds in rival meaſures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove:
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
*The voice of Amoret is ſweet.*

IV.

Since every fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and ſhady green
To proſpect gloomy change the ſcene:
Sad change for him! for ſighing there,
He thought of lovers in deſpair.

V.

Convinc'd the ſad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, aſſert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
Theſe lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are ſweet.

## The WIT and the BEAU.

Tune—*Bright* AURELIA.

I.

WITH every grace young Strephon choſe
His perſon to adorn,
That by the beauties of his face
In Sylvia's love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her ſcorn.

II.

With bows and ſmiles he did his part,
But oh! 'twas all in vain;
A youth leſs fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her heart,
And would not out again.

III.

With change of *habits* Strephon preſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His *love* alone the other dreſs'd.
As verſe or proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft deſire.

IV.

This found, his courtſhip Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his glaſs;
There in himſelf now ſeeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a *wit* pretends,
A *beau* is but an *aſs*.

## The Nurſe's Song.

Tune—*Yellow ſtockings.*

I.

HEY! my kitten, a kitten,
Hey! my kitten, a deary;
Such a ſweet pet as this
Is neither far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, ſee, ſic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market;
Squeek mouſe, mouſe, mouſy;
Shoe, ſhoe, ſhoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol douſy.

III.

Where was a jewel and petty?
Where was a ſugar and ſpicy?
Huſh a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
Did-a papa torment it?
Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
Huſh a baby in a boſie;
Take ous own ſucky: did-e?

IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a thread o' cryſtal,
Now the ſweet poſſet comes up;
Who ſaid my child was piſs'd all?

Come water my chickens, come clock.
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
Come, giè me your hand, and I'll beat him:
Wha was it vex'd my baby?

V.

Where was a laugh and a craw;
Where was, was, was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child ſhall be fed,
But noughty child ſhall get nony.
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,
Here is a child that wont fear ye.
Come piſſy, piſſy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

## The Magpie.

I.

GOOD people, draw near,
A ſtory ye's hear,
A ſtory both pleaſant and true;
Which happened of late,
And's not out of date;
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was an old cobler,
Who ſoal'd ſhoes at Dubler,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they ſay,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife ſhe did murmur and chat;
This cobler, they ſay,
Did thraſh her that day,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

IV.

He had a magpie,
That was very ſly,
And uſed for to murmur and chat;
Who ſoon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

V.

And this magpie,
Who was ſo very ſly,
He into a meeting-houſe gat;
And as the old parſon
Was canting his leſſon,
Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

VI.

The parſon ſurpris'd,
Did lift up his eyes:
Now help us, pray Father, in need:
For Satan, I fear,
Does viſit us here;
So help us, pray, Father, with ſpeed.

VII.

The parſon again
Began to explain
To thoſe around him that ſat;

But Magpie indeed
Flew over his head,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

VIII.

Then the parſon did ſkip
Five yards at a leap,
From his pulpit quite down to the floor;
And left every ſaint,
Quite ready to faint,
Leaping out of the meeting-houſe door.

IX.

Then ſome without hats,
And ſome without hoods,
Then out of the meeting-houſe gat;
And Magpie happ'd after,
Which cauſed much laughter,
Crying, What a pox wad ye be at?

X.

Then a ſanctify'd ſoul,
Who thought to controul,
Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,
Said, Satan, how dare
You thus to appear
In this our ſanctify'd place?

XI.

But Magpie he pranc'd,
He ſkipp'd and he danc'd,
And out of the meeting-houſe gat;
And all the way long,
He kept up his ſong,
Of a, What a pox wad ye be at?

## A good Excuſe for Drinking.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown deſpair,
Were your indifference leſs.
Love me, my dear, and you ſhall find,
When this excuſe is gone,
That all my bliſs, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yield's with joy;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

## Maſon's Song.

Tune—*Leave off your fooliſh prating.*

I.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either Whig or Tory;
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,
And ſing, or tell a ſtory.

CHORUS.

*Fill to him to the brim;*
*Let it round the table rol;*
*The divine tells you, wine*
*Cheers the body and the ſoul.*

II.

We will be men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride or party;

Whilſt knaves and fools
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
*Fill to him*, &c.

III.

If any are ſo fooliſh
To whine for courtiers' favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more,
Till he has a better favour.
*Fill to him*, &c.

IV.

If an accepted maſon
Should talk of high or low church,
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtanding no church.
*Fill to him*, &c.

V.

The world is all in darkneſs;
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A ſong in drink
Succeeds the maſon's lecture.
*Fill to him*, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each maſon here ſhall face it.
*Fill to him*, &c.

## The Frugal Maid.

I

I AM a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind;
I am a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind:
For altho' I be forſaken,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two'r three ſtrings to my bow.

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,
But his ſcorn I cou'd never endure;
Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his ſlights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two'r three ſtrings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd,
Men's minds they are ſubject to changing,
And wavering like the wind;
Each object creates a new fancy:
Then this I would have you to do;
Be eaſy and free, and take pattern by me,
And keep two'r three ſtrings to your bow.

## DAMON'S Picture of CELIA.

Tune—*Down the burn, Davie.*

I.

ASSIST your vot'ry, friendly Nine,
Inſpire becoming lays;
Cauſe Celia's matchleſs beauty ſhine,
Till heaven and earth ſhall blaze.
She's pleaſant as returning light,
Sweet as the morning-ray,
When Phœbus quells the ſhades of night,
And brings the chearful day.

II.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,
As pureſt air ſerene;
No gloomy paſſion riſing there,
O'ercaſts the peaceful ſcene:
Her ſmall bright eye-brows finely bend,
Tranſport darts from her eyes;
The ſparkling diamond they tranſcend,
Or ſtars which gem the ſkies.

III.

A riſing bluſh of heavenly dye
O'er her fair cheek ſtill glows;
Her ſhining locks in ringlets lie,
Well ſhap'd and ſiz'd her noſe;
Her ſmiling lips are lovely red,
Like roſes newly blown;
Her iv'ry teeth (for moſt part hid)
You'd wiſh for ever ſhown.

IV.

Her ſnowy neck and breaſts like glaſs,
Or poliſh'd marble ſmooth,
That nymphs in beauty far ſurpaſs
Who'd fir'd the Trojan youth;
Her ſlender waiſt, white arm and hand,
Juſt ſymmetry does grace:
What's hid from theſe (if you demand)
Let lively fancy trace.

V.

A ſprightly and angelic mind
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent eaſe acts unconfin'd,
Inſpires the whole like flame:
Minerva or Diana's ſtate,
With Venus' ſoftneſs join'd,
Proclaim her goddeſs, meant by fate,
Love's rightful queen deſign'd.

VI.

Good gods! what raptures fire my ſoul!
How flutters my fond heart!
When tender glances art controul,
And love ſuppreſs'd impart.
Propitious powers, make Celia mine,
Complete my dawning bliſs;
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happineſs.

## The New Light.

I.

CELIA, now my heart hath broke
The bond of your ungentle yoke,
Diſſolv'd the fetter of that chain
By which I ſtrove ſo long in vain:

May I be ſlighted if I e'er
Am caught again within your ſnare,
*Am caught*, &c.

II.

In vain you ſpread your treach'rous net,
In vain your wily ſnares are ſet;
The bird can now your arts eſpy,
And, arm'd with caution, from them fly:
Some heedleſs ſwain your prey may be,
But faith you're too well known to me.
*But faith*, &c.

III.

I with contempt can now deſpiſe
The treach'rous follies of your eyes,
And with contempt can ſit and hear
You prattle nonſenſe half a year,
And go away as little mov'd
As you was lately when I lov'd,
*As you was*, &c.

IV.

I wonder what the plague it was
Made me ſuch a ſtupid aſs,
To fancy ſuch a noble grace
In your language, mien, and face,
Where now I nothing more can find
Than what I ſee in all your kind,
*Than what*, &c.

V.

Thus when the drouſy god of ſleep,
Upon our wearied fancies creep,
Some headleſs piece of image riſe,
By fancies form'd delude our eyes:
But ſoon as e'er the god of day
Appears, they faint and die away,
*Appears, they*, &c.

## The Fickle fix'd.

I.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal ſtroke,
Till by her wit Corinna ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh,
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the falſe unconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

# *Explanation of the Scots Words.*

A', *all.*
Abeit, *albeit.*
Aboon, *above.*
Ae, *one.*
Aff, *off.*
Aften, *often.*
Aik, *oak.*
Ain, *own.*
Aith, *oath.*
Air, *early.*
Ajee, *aſide.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaiſt, *almoſt.*
Ambry, *cupboard.*
Ane, *one.*
Anither, *another.*
Awa', *away.*
Auld, *old.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

Ba', *ball.*
Baith, *both.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bannocks, *oat-bread.*
Baps, *roll-bread.*
Bawm, *balm.*
Bauk, *baulk.*
Bedrals, *beadles.*
Beet, *to help or repair.*
Bend, *to drink.*
Benniſon, *bleſſing.*
Bent, *the open fields.*
Bewith, *ſomewhat in the mean time.*
Birks, *birch.*
Bigg, *build.*
Billy, *brother.*
Binging, *becking, bending.*
Blate, *baſhful.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Bleeze, *blaze.*
Blink, *glance of the eye.*
Blutter, *blunder.*
Bode, *predict.*
Bodin, *ſtored.*
Bot *or* But, *without.*
Bougils, *founding horns.*
Bountith, *a gratuity.*
Bowt, *a bolt.*
Brachen, *a ſort of broth.*
Brae, *riſing ground.*
Brankit, *primm'd up.*
Braid, *broad.*
Brandir, *a gridiron.*
Braw, *finely dreſſed.*
Broach, *a buckle.*
Brack, *broken parts, or refuſe.*
Brow, *the forehead.*
Bruik, *to love or enjoy.*
Bught, *ſheep-fold.*
Burniſt, *poliſhed.*
Burn, *a rivulet.*
Buſk, *to deck.*

But *and* Ben, *be out and be in.*
Byre, *a cow-houſe.*

Ca', *call.*
Cadgie, *chearful.*
Caff, *calf; chaff.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canker'd, *angry.*
Canny, *cautious, lucky.*
Carlings, *old women; boiled peaſe.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cauler, *cool, freſh.*
Cawk, *chalk.*
Clag, *failing or imperfection.*
Clat, *a rake.*
Claiths, *cloaths.*
Claſhes, *tittle tattle.*
Clock, *a beetle.*
Cockernony, *the hair bound up.*
Cod, *a pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Cogg, *a wooden diſh.*
Coof, *a blockhead.*
Coots, *joint of the ancle.*
Courchea, *or* Curtchea, *a handkerchief.*
Crack, *to boaſt.*
Creel, *baſket or hamper.*
Crocks, *lean ſheep.*
Croft, *corn-land.*
Crouſe, *briſk, bold.*
Crowdy-moudy, *a ſort of gruel.*
Crummy, *a cow's name.*
Cunzie, *coin.*

Daffin, *folly, wantonneſs.*
Daft, *mad, fooliſh.*
Dawt, *fondle, careſs.*
Dight, *to wipe.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Ding, *beat.*
Dool, *trouble.*
Doſend, *frozen, cold.*
Dorty, *haughty.*
Dow, *can; dove.*
Downa, *cannot.*
Dowf, *ſpiritleſs.*
Doughtna, *could not.*
Dowy, *weary, lonely.*
Drant, *to ſpeak ſlow.*
Dramock, *cold gruel.*
Drap, *drop.*
Dwining, *decaying.*
Dunting, *beating.*
Dulce and tangle, *ſea-plants.*
Durk, *a dagger.*

Eard, *earth.*
Een, *eyes.*
Eild, *age.*
Eith, *eaſy.*
Elding, *fewel.*
Eem, *couſin.*
Ettle, *aim.*
Eydent, *diligent.*

Fa', *fall.*
Fadge, *a coarſe ſort of roll-bread.*

Fae, *foe.*
Fand, *found.*
Fangle, Newfangle, *fond of what's new.*
Farles, *thin oat cakes.*
Faſh, *trouble.*
Fauſe, *falſe.*
Faut, *fault.*
Fee, *wages.*
Feirs, *brothers.*
Fendy, *active, induſtrious.*
Fenzie, *fain.*
Ferley, *wonder.*
Fey, *attended by a fatality.*
Flee, *fly.*
Flouks, *flounders.*
Flyte, *to ſcold.*
Fog, *moſs.*
Fore, to the fore, *in being or laſting.*
Fouth, *plenty.*
Frae, *from.*
Fraiſing, *babbling with a fooliſh wonder.*
Fou, *or* fu', *full.*

Gab, *the mouth.*
Gabocks, *large mouthfuls.*
Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that hangs on the ſide or loin.*
Gae, *gave; go.*
Gane, *gone.*
Gar, *make or cauſe.*
Gawſy, *jolly, large.*
Gate, *way.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawd, *gall'd; goad.*
Gawky, *empty, fooliſh.*
Gawnt, *to yawn.*
Geck, *to flout and jeer.*
Genty, *ſmall and neat.*
Gin *and* gif, *if.*
Glaive, *a ſword.*
Glaikit, *idle and rompiſh.*
Glee, *joy.*
Gleed, *ſquinting.*
Glen, *a hollow between hills.*
Gloyd, *an old horſe.*
Glowr, *to ſtare.*
Gowk, *the cuckoo; a fool.*
Gowping, *handful.*
Graip, *to grope; a trident fork for dung.*
Graith, *accoutrements.*
Grots, *ſkinned oats.*
Gutcher, *grandfather.*

Ha', *hall.*
Hae, *have.*
Haf, *half.*
Hagies, *a boiled pudding, made of a ſheep's pluck, minced with ſewet.*
Halucket, *light-headed, whimſical.*
Hale, *whole.*
Haly, *holy.*
Hame, *home.*
Hames *and* brechoms, *wore about the neck of a cart-horſe.*
Hawſe, *embrace.*
Heeſe, *to lift.*
Hecht, *promiſed.*
Heugh, *any ſteep place.*

Hodle, *to waddle in walking.*
Hoden, *coarſe cloth.*
Hows, *hollows.*
Howms, *valleys on river-ſides.*

Ilka, *each; every.*
Ill-fard, *ill-favoured, or ugly.*
Ingle, *fire.*
Irie, *afraid of ghoſts.*
Irk, *weary or tired.*
Iſe, *I ſhall.*
Iſhogles, *icicles.*
Ither, *other.*

Jee, *to* jee back and again, *the motion of a balance.*
Jo, *ſweet-heart.*
Jouk, *to bow.*

Kairn, *or* cairn, *heaps of monumental ſtones.*
Kail, *coleworts; broth.*
Kaim, *comb.*
Kebuck, *a cheeſe.*
Keep, *peep.*
Ken, *know.*
Kepp, *to catch.*
Kilted, *tucked up.*
Kirn, *churn.*
Kimmer, *a ſhe-goſſip.*
Kirtle, *upper petticoat.*
Kurchie, *handkerchief.*

Lag, *to fall behind.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lane, *own ſelf.*
Laith, *loath.*
Lappered, *curdled.*
Law, *low.*
Lawty, *juſtice.*
Lave, *the reſt.*
Lee, *fallow-ground.*
Leeſome, *lovely.*
Leeſe me, *a phraſe uſed when one loves, or is pleaſed with a perſon.*
Leil, *exact.*
Leugh, *laugh.*
Lib, *to geld.*
Lilt, *a tune,*
Linkan, *to move quickly.*
Loor, *rather.*
Loos, *loves.*
Loun, *a ſly wencher.*
Lout, *to bow.*
Lowan, *flaming.*
Lown, *calm.*
Lucken, *gathered together, or cloſe joined to one another.*
Lyart, *hoary or grey.*

Maik, *a mate.*
Mair, *more.*
Maiſt, *moſt.*
Makſna, *it matters not.*
Main, *moan.*
March, *limits or border of grounds.*
Marrow, *match.*
Maun, *muſt.*
Mawking, *a hare.*
Mavis, *the thruſh.*

Meikle, *or* Muckle, *much.*
Meiſe, *move.*
Mends, *revenge.*
Menſe, *manners; to decorate.*
Menzie, *a company or retinue.*
Milſy, *a ſearch for milk.*
Mint, *attempt.*
Minny, *mother.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Mons-meg, *a very large iron cannon in the caſtle of* Edinburgh, *capable of holding two people.*
Mou, *mouth.*
Moup, *to eat as wanting teeth.*
Mouter, *the miller's toll.*
Muck, *dung.*
Mutches, *linen quoifs or hoods.*

Na', *and* Nae, *no, none.*
Nane, *none.*
Nees, *noſe.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Nither, *ſtarve or pinch.*
Nowther, *neither.*

Oe, *grandchild.*
Ony, *any.*
Owrlay, *a cravat.*
Owſen, *oxen.*
Oxter, *arm-pit.*

Pantry, *a buttery.*
Partans, *crab-fiſh.*
Pat, *put.*
Pawky, *cunning.*
Paunches, *tripe.*
Peat-pot, *peat coal pit.*
Pibrogh, *a highland tune.*
Pickle, *a ſmall ſhare.*
Pig, *earthen pot.*
Pillar, *ſtool of repentance.*
Pine, *pain.*
Pith, *ſtrength.*
Plet, *to fold; twiſt.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Pou, *or* Pu, *well.*
Powſowdy, *ram-head ſoup.*
Prig, *haggle.*
Prive, *to prove, or taſte.*

Rair, *roar.*
Raſhes, *ruſhes.*
Red up, *put in order.*
Renzie, *rein.*
Rever, *robber.*
Rifarts, *radiſhes.*
Rife, *plenty.*
Riggs, *ridges.*
Row, *roll.*
Rowth, *wealth.*
Rude, *croſs.*
Runkled, *wrinkled.*
Rung, *a club.*
Ruſe, *or* rooſe, *to praiſe.*

Sae, *ſo.*
Saft, *ſoft.*
Sair, *ſore.*
Sawt, *ſalt.*
Seim, *appearance.*
Sell, *ſelf.*

Sey, *try.*
Shanna, *ſhall not.*
Shangy-mouth'd, *or* ſhevilgabbit, *the mouth much to one ſide.*
Sharn, *cow-dung.*
Shaw, *ſhow; a woody bank.*
Shoo, *a ſhoe.*
Shoon, *ſhoes.*
Shore, *to threaten.*
Shire, *thin.*
A ſhire lick, *a ſmart fellow.*
Sic, *or* ſick, *ſuch.*
Sican, *ſuch an one.*
Sin, *or* ſyne, *ſuch.*
Sindle, *ſeldom.*
Sinſyne, *ſince that time.*
Skair, *ſhare.*
Skaith, *harm, loſs.*
Skink, *ſtrong ſoup.*
Sma', *ſmall.*
Snack, *ſmart.*
Snaw, *ſnow.*
Sneiſt, *to ſnarl.*
Sniſhing, *ſnuff.*
Snood, *a head-band.*
Snug, *convenient, neat.*
Sodden, *boiled.*
Sonſy, *fortunate, jolly.*
Sowens, *a kind of ſowered gruel, boiled like paſte.*
Soum, *of ſheep* 20.
Spake, *ſpoke.*
Speer, *to aſk.*
Spelding, *dried white fiſh.*
Stane, *ſtone.*
Starns, *ſtars.*
Steek, *ſhut.*
Stend, *ſtalk haſtily.*
Stirk, *a young bullock.*
Stoup, *a prop.*
Strae, *ſtraw.*
Streek, *ſtretch.*
Stenzie, *to ſtain.*
Swats, *ſmall ale.*
Sweer, *unwilling, lazy.*
Swither, *in doubt.*
Seybows, *young onions.*
Syne, *then.*

Tae, *toe.*
Tald, *told.*
Taiken, *token.*
Tane, *taken; the one.*
Tap, *top.*
Taulk, *talk.*
Thae, *thoſe.*
Tent, *notice.*
Theyſe, *they ſhall.*
Thole, *to ſuffer.*
Thowleſs, *ſpiritleſs.*
Thud, *noiſe of a ſtroke.*
Tine, *loſe.*
Tint, *loſt.*
Titter, *rather.*
Tocher, *dowery.*
Tooly, *fight, contend.*
Todlen, *a rolling ſhort ſtep.*
Touzle, *to ruffle.*
Trig, *neat.*
Trow, *believe.*
Triſte, *appointment.*
Twin, *to part from.*

Wad, *would.*
Wae, *woe.*
Wale, *to chuſe, the choice.*
Waen, *child.*
Wallowit, *faded or withered.*
Wan, *pale; won.*
Wallop, *gallop.*
Wame, *womb; belly.*
Ware, *beſtow.*
War, *worſe.*
Wat, *know.*
Waws, *walls.*
Wawk, *walk; wake.*
Wakerife, *not inclined to ſleep.*
Wear in, *hem in.*
Wee, *little.*
Weind, *thought.*
Weirs, *wars.*
Wha, *who.*
Whang, *a large cut.*
Whatrecks, *what matters it*
Whilk, *which.*
Whinging, *whining.*
Whiſht, *hold your peace.*
Whillywha, *a cheat or bite.*
Wilks, *periwinkles.*
Win, *or* won, *dwell.*
Winna, *will not.*
Winſome, *handſome.*
Wiſt, *known.*
Witherſhins, *to move contrary.*
Woo, *wool.*
Wood, *mad.*
Woody, *a withy.*
Wow! *wonderful! ah!*
Wylie, *cunning.*
Wyſon, *the gullet.*
Wyre, *to blame.*

Unco, *very ſtrange.*

Yad, *a mare.*
Yeſe, *ye ſhall.*
Yern, *deſire.*
Yeſtreen, *yeſternight.*

FINIS.

*Printed by* R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

00046927

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018